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EDINBURGH:

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
LONDON; OR, A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.

—— le seul honneur solide
C'est de prendre toujours la vérité pour guide.
SATIRES DE BOILEAU.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
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CHAPTER I.

The Friends separate.—More of Miss Stanhope.—Her Attractions.—Her Success.—Her Admirers.—Her Suitors.—Lord Urbane's marked Regard.—Fêtes given in Honor of her.—Description of a Scientific Peer's Classical, Mythological, Pantomimical, Farcical Fête; and the Edinburgh Morning Promenade.

EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

Quand pourront les neuf sœurs loin des cours
et des villes, m'occuper tout entier ?

LA FONTAINE.

THE friends having separated, the history of the Honorable Miss S. and of her suitors, commences.

Miss S. was, as has already been observed, the loadstone of hearts at Lord Urbane's ; she was also the object of attraction every where else. Taste, elegance, and an easy deportment, fashionable dress, becoming confidence, a

coroneted seal, a black servant, a noble name, a general acquaintance, the best of introductions, but, above all, a new face, were irresistible charms in Edinburgh: old and young were eager to share her triumphs in the contest for fashionable pre-eminence; and a legion of lovers were attached to her car wherever she went. She perfectly understood the usages of high life, and never dismissed a suitor, but retained all as auxiliary troops, and as necessary to her extensive contest.

Amongst her other splendid garments was a dark green velvet pelisse, superbly embroidered with gold, and a tiara, which displayed different gems—three rubies, three amethysts, and three tur-

quoises. It was on the occasion of beholding this tiara that the impassioned Wildbore quoted that beautiful work Atala, and said, that he hoped that the ruby was an emblem of his love, the amethyst of his fears, the turquoise of his hopes. “*Trois grains rouge pour mon amour, trois violets pour mes craintes, trois bleus pour mes esperances.*” Unfortunately, however, the jewels were false, as were more things than one connected with this amour.

The Honorable Miss S. made her first *entrée* at Lady D.’s, whose son, the baronet, is a “*rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno*,” and whose brother Bob knows a thing or two,

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as the students and the frequenters of Poole's coffee-house say. She had got letters of introduction to Lord Ossian ; but the literary Lord Urbane, at her first arrival, was quite hurt at not having an introductory epistle addressed to him, in order that this paragon of perfection should be in some measure under the wing of his patronage ; for he is very fond of patronizing. One appeared at last, and she was received *avec distinction* in his little temple of science : such he considered his house. His doors flew open at her approach ; every domestic bowed her out of sight ; Lady Urbane made her lowest bob curtesy ; and she was, as has already been seen, the queen of the rout.

The spectacled lord used to delight in walking arm-in-arm with her in the streets ; and if he could have called back the warm current of youth, there is no telling what amorous things he might not have said and done ; but “ *les souvenirs de l'amour dans le cœur d'un vieillard, sont comme les feux de l'astre du jour réfléchis par l'ombre paisible de la lune, lorsque le soleil est couché.* ” Lord Urbane was, therefore, nothing more than the tranquil admirer and kind friend of Miss S. In her honor, and to gratify a taste for eccentricity and classical whim, he gave a *fête* and a *dejeuné* together.

It was the most difficult thing in the world to get a ticket of admission : no

commoner was allowed to mingle with the *elite* of quality, nor to thrust his unhonored body “betwixt the wind and their nobility.” Some of the richest land proprietors’ daughters were rejected with scorn ; even doctors and professors were excluded from the temple ; the high sheriff was just affronted by being refused, and the lord provost was only allowed to peep at the ceremony through a hole, on account of his brevet rank, which honor has fallen on the heads of worsted stocking men, gin-shop men, (or rather vitriol and whiskey venders, —Sir William to wit), petty grocers, haberdashers, and the like : *bien entendu* that they are all merchants.

On this occasion, also, Miss S. was

the queen of the *fête*. The ceremony consisted in a temporary saloon being thrown open, where the peer was discovered in a flesh-coloured dress emblematical of nudity, only that it did not fit tight enough. Around him sat nine young, middle-aged, and elderly ladies ; but his lordship vouched for their being all virgins, and what was more, all peers' daughters : this was a *sine qua non*. The partial nudity of the nine ladies was less astonishing, because the eye has become accustomed to it ; the exposure has lost its charm, and these former mysterious and bewitching attractions have become common to the public, broad, vulgar stare ; and the treat which is shared with many blunts

the relish of desire, and shuts the door to the pleasures of imagination.

The lord provost mistook the Honorable Miss E—— for Juno, by the haughtiness of her air; Lady Louisa —— for Venus, only that she has a trifling deformity on her back; Lord Whim's fat daughter for Pompona (meaning Pomona); the antiquated Lady Emily D—— for one of the Fates; and three sisters for the Furies. The other two ladies he considered as two of the Graces, and he supposed that my lord's ain honest wife wad be the third. The honest provost was all out in his reckoning; and so he was as to breakfast, for no one was allowed to eat but the ten

ladies and the masqueradish peer. It was, indeed, difficult to know what was meant; but upon examining that one had her harp by her side, that another sat at an easel, that a third danced a *pas seul* (badly enough), that one recited a *morceau poetique*, that another sang a *hum*, rather than a hymn, composed on the occasion; that my lord was seated in a family nursing chair, we believe; that the nine ladies made prostrations at his throne; that Miss S. stood at his side with an affected stern and sapient aspect; and that finally the nine other females bowed obedience thrice three times to her, it occurred that the representation was intended to display Apollo surrounded by the nine Muses, and supported by Minerva.

After these ceremonials, Apollo descended from his throne, leading Wisdom by the right hand, and, with much dignity, motioning the inferior nine to be seated around, whilst he and Minerva sat at the head of the table on elevated bottoms, for there were no more thrones in the house, and the coach seats exalted their divinities. They then all partook of a frugal repast, at which the two Olympic dignitaries presided with becoming majesty ; eggs, apples, and cold water sweetened with a bit of sugar, were amongst the refreshments, admirably figuring the simplicity of primitive times, inculcating the virtue of temperance, exemplifying domestic frugality, and being calculated not to oppress the stomach,

or to injure the health. Some *soor mulk* was brought in by a footboy habited as Ganymede; and the water was set down by a red fisted spider brusher, clad like Hebe; the *mulk* having been taken for sweet was swallowed by Minerva, and instantly produced a pain in the stomach.

My lord first said a long grace, so low that nobody but the muses could hear it: the spectators were however highly gratified. Apollo, now pointing to the frugal repast, addressed the muses thus, “*sunt nobis mitia poma castaneasque nuces, et pressi copia lactis.*” They all applauded simultaneously, because none of them un-

derstood what was meant ; and to look ignorant, is as it were to look poor. My lord, now fancying himself Paris, instead of Apollo, for he was king, priest, and prophet, in his own temple, presented the only good looking apple in the plate to Minerva, now converted into Helen ; and he said something very pretty upon the occasion, which the want of memory has lost.

Now a signal for soft music was made, when the Gows struck up, instead of a tender strain of which might be said,

“ Oh ! it came o’er me like a western breeze,
“ Breathing upon a bed of violets,”

nothing more nor less than Jenny

Dang the weaver, at which the lord provost shouted applause: the spectators and spectatresses of the Scottish nation could not keep their feet still, and ready to jump out of their skins, footed it, and stamped, and allowed nothing to be heard but trampling of hoofs, snapping of fingers, and savage exclamations of "heigh!" for half an hour. Thus were the mysterious rites and solemn ceremonies of the heathen divinities profaned and interrupted for a time, when Apollo, calling for an air on the harp, re-established order in the Olympic court. The soft sounds ceasing, he arose, hugged Minerva to his bosom, saluted the tuneful nine, knelt down to be crowned with laurels by the fair hand of Wisdom, and dispersed his party.

Now, gentle reader, in order not to spoil his apartments, the noble lord had fitted up the first floor from heaven on this occasion, less on account of its altitude and proximity to the sky, than to avoid rebuke from my lady for spoiling her carpets, and other drawing room furniture; for when Apollo's paste-board lyre was taken away, and the old chair resumed its usual station; when a crimson cloth was removed from the laundry maid's ironing board, and the cut paper and tinsel ornaments were taken down, John the coachman found his humble couch in its old place, and the corn and potatoes were again strewed on the floor as emblems of plenty. Thus ended Lord Urbane's classic fête.

As barn performers, when the farce is o'er, convert the truncheon into a rolling pin, and the spear and shield into a spit and saucepan cover ; as Desdemona retires humbly to the wash tub, and Alexander the Great peaceably peels potatoes for dinner with his conquering hands, and rocks his brat's cradle with his unbuskined foot, attached with a packthread to a wicker basket, which carries his wardrobe on the march, and serves for said cradle when his troop comes to a halt—so did Lord Urbane's family, and domestics return to their former situations. Ganymede was seen in an hour after cleaning knives, and Hebe, bare legged and bare headed, was on her knees scrubbing the kitchen stairs. How were the mighty fallen !

Lord Urbane having visited his friends, called on his favorite, in order to bear her in triumph through the streets. He had the happiness to find her at home. She was surrounded by beaux ; and her table was covered with cards of invitation. The nobility's names were numerous ; and one billet invited her to accompany Lady D——'s daughters to St. Cecilia's Hall. Lord Stone was making a banquet for her ; ladies were ornamenting her dress ; some of the muses, much altered in appearance, were paying their devoirs to her ; and it was another classic scene. My lord said gallantly that Minerva had now turned into Venus ; but that he was sure that she would preserve the wisdom of the former, blended with the beauty of the latter, whilst Apollo

would ever be proud to appear by her side, and to be accompanied by beauty and by wisdom, in one and the same person.

Miss S. now dismissed all her suitors and visitors for the morning, and graced the peer's arm, hearing herself admired and called Minerva in every quarter of the town. Let us, however, return to the suitors of Miss S. as numerous as Penelope's, although her web was much sooner wrought, and much sooner unravelled into the bargain.

CHAPTER II.

A fine Day in Edinburgh.—History of the Honorable Frederic Wildbore.—His Love Telegraph.—How received.—A Playhouse Scene.—Happy Quotation.—How received.—Equivocal Answer.—His Adventures.—Raising the Wind.—Medical Tricks.—A new Lover.—And a new Love Scene.

CHAPTER II.

“*Solvitur acris hyems, etc.*”

HORACE.

THE stern king of terrors, hoary winter, with his cold aspect, and the roaring voice of his rude winds, had now ceased; the snow-covered mountains were perceived no more; the howling blast was no longer heard, nor the drifting sleet shook off the poor man's thin and insufficient garment, whose loose and tattered cloak was seen to mock his shivering. “The swallow (was now) twittering from her straw-built shed;” the enlivening sunbeam smiled upon the Caledonian capital, and her fair buildings of stone in the

new town basked in the hour of prosperity ; her environs, her coast, her distant hills played in the sunbeam ; and all nature seemed regenerated around. The happy succession of sunshine to gloom had now arrived in Edinburgh, and the animalculi were all alive and basking in the ray of fashion in Princes-street. Miss S. drew every eye by her magnetical charms, and had now just concluded her promenade, and retired to her lodgings in George-street, when young Wildbore established a love telegraph opposite to her, and commenced an impassioned correspondence.

But before this hero's amatory enterprise be brought to light, it may

not be improper to state who the Honorable Frederic Wildbore is. This hero of romance is the son of a rich English country surgeon, and was sent to Edinburgh for medical education, and to be fitted for the medical profession. A love for dress, for dash, for dissipation, a desire of being a prominent character, a thirst of applause, great vanity, and commensurate ambition, led this youth into great extravagance, and into extensive debt. To provide for each, this would-be *Frederic the Great* hung out for a wife, and took it into his head that he was destined for a fortune, for a titled wife, and for a place in the highest sphere of life. As soon as this comet appeared in Edinburgh, Frederic began his cam-

paign, and tacked an honorable to his name, the better to qualify him for a dame so high-bred, and so nobly born.

Ere he commenced the attack upon Miss S. he was not on a good footing with the man in whose shoes he stood : his wine merchant had run dry ; his mercer had sent him a summons ; he filled the ample page of a rascally and most dangerous tailor, named Northerland, who was now determined to bring him to book ; and he was in more people's books than in their good opinion ; finally, his appearance was extremely creditable, whilst his paper was a mere blank in society : he used to draw like the bucket of a well, but the draft brought nothing with it. Thus deeply

in love and in debt, he started for the fair prize, that prize which set auld Reikie in a flame. He ogled, he stared, he made a leg, he made a bow, he smiled at, danced at, talked at, and sighed at the Honorable Miss S. until some trifling return was made.

Frederic the Great, who thought himself no bad tactician in love matters, now got possession of a room opposite to his adorata, and there he operated with crescent and triangle, and all other necessary apparatus for establishing his telegraph. The first officious, not official, communication was as follows.

No. 1. How tormenting this dumb way of showing you how much I love you!

2. How long am I to consume with love and painful uncertainty !

3. If you hate me tell me so.

4. May I hope that no signal, like silence, gives consent ?

5. If no answer be made I shall presume that I may hope.

6. Put a blank leaf of paper in your window, if I may be a candidate for your spotless heart.

7. Put a black leaf if I must die in despair.

8. Or a green if there be a ray of hope.

Here a white leaf of paper appeared in the left corner pane of glass—the side nearest the heart.

TELEGRAPHIC ANSWER.

9. Oh ! thou angel !

10. May I hope for your dear, dear hand ?

Answer. Pas trop.

11. Will you go out this evening, and at what hour ?

The answer was a nod of the head, and both hands up: i. e. yes, at ten o'clock.

Frederic the Great having by this time, as he thought, completed the first parallel, prepared to dress in the hyper excess of fashion, and to parade about her door at half-past nine, in order to be certain of her seeing him. She kept him until near eleven, and then only allowed him to hand her to her chair, informing him that she was going to Lord Ossian's ball, which was given on the occasion of his daughter Lady Harriet's coming of age; but that she should walk in Prince's-street the next day at three. The successful Frederic here began his hopes. He had been too favorably received; and, by the bye, the fair dame had answered the telegraph like an old campaigner: but *n'importe*; fortune, appearance, fashion, style, con-

nexion, birth, and high dress, were invaluable.

Thus commenced their acquaintance, and a grand flirtation fraught with flattering hope prevailed for some time ; but he soon perceived that the title of Lord Stone supplanted him in her heart. One night at a ball he made a grand push, bringing, like an able general, all his forces into the field at once. He borrowed a carriage of his friend, fat Williams, the negro driver's son, met Miss S. at the play in a very superior style, tried to raise jealousy by flirting with another—in vain ; to attract attention by reading a letter—in vain ; to show resentment by looks and sighs—in vain ; to pull a white bow which

had fallen from her spangled slipper out of his bosom, and to put it repeatedly to his lips—a laugh; finally, to follow her out, and to slip a piece of paper, on which was written with a pencil Lord Byron's beautiful lines, which he thought sure to conquer :

“ But thou—when all that birth and beauty
throws,

“ Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have

“ One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.

“ No power in death can rend our names apart,

“ As none in life could rend thee from my
heart.”

This impassioned avowal he slipped into her hand as Lord Urbane handed her to her carriage; and she received it. Ladies seldom drop communications of this nature: not, dear modest creatures! out of any bad motive, but

merely from curiosity of knowing what they contain ; just as a French lady, who looked into her adversary's cards, when told, "*mais madame, vous regardez dans mon jeu .*" innocently and prettily answered in an harmonious, childish, simple tone, "*monsieur ce n'est que pour voir.*"

Frederic marched home quite happy, and got dead drunk amidst a few admiring fellow students, who all clubbed their purses to enable him to carry on the war; and he next day waited on all his tradesmen, and informed them that he was immediately to marry an heiress of the first fortune and consequence. Various were the receptions which he met with.

Muckleweim W——, the confectioner and pastry-cook, who furnished our hero's suppers, shook his noddle : there was nothing in that. Mr. Elderberry, the wine spoiler, fetched a short cough : there was great indecision and dubiety in that. Mr. Whig, at the sign of the fleece, who is a sort of a half Jew half *genteel*, a half shop-keeper, and half-quarter gentleman, a fellow who hunts, and plays at cards, and courts students, and gives long tick for long prices, swallowed the bait ; and rubbing his hands, begged him not to be in a hurry about his little bill (longer than a snipe's,) adding that his ware-room was at his service, and that all the new fashions had just come

down. Frederic shook him warmly by the hand, gave a liberal order, and resolved to obey his friend by not being in a hurry about his little bill.

Next he proceeded to a lawyer, who had a writ out against him ; and he so beplastered him with adulation, and with promises of gratitude when he married the rich heiress, that the scribe and Pharisee said, “ Weel maister Wildbore, I shanna be harde : I shall just gie ye time, an ye be to pay for’t ye ken :” then patting him like a horse, a great proof of Edinburgh kindness, he added, “ I aye thought that ye’d marie an heiress.” He had next to promise his laundress to take her into keeping, in order to stay proceedings

on her bill; to make an amatory proposal to an old woman with whom he lodged; to apologize to his bookseller; and finally to wait very humbly on his tailor, for these fellows often *take measures* which do not either *suit* their gay customers, nor fit the temper of the times. He, however, was a Turk, an Arab, a barbarian, a brute, inexorable to pity, and unmoved by a tale of love. "Marry the dcevil," were his words. "I'll no be put off this way; I want na ma riges, but just me money; an' I'll be paid in twa days." Fear operated strongly with Frederic, although he was the greatest bully on earth, but he knew his man; his, though a tailor's, was of

"Des cœurs nés pour le crime,

"Et non pour le danger."

ERIPHILE DE VOLTAIRE.

He accordingly promised every thing, squeezed his iron fist, called him dear mister Northerland, and retired upon the old landlady, to whom he imparted a glass of Cognac; for he had made one use of his medical studies, namely, to turn them to account. He accordingly persuaded a chairman, who used to run of errands for him, that he was in a decline, and accordingly stuffed him with unpaid-for wine, ditto soups, gave him Mr. Northerland's great-coat (for it was still on his books) and thus substituted advice and kindness for ready money. His hostess, in like manner, he persuaded, that she was subject to nervous attacks, and had a cold stomach; and he kept her in spirits also, and amused her

by love tales whenever the rent became due. The female servant he assured might see from her livid lips, and wan check, that she was above servitude, that she possessed exquisite sensibility, and was formed for love : to her he afforded every assistance in his power, and she attended him, and kept off his duns in return.

The hour of dinner arrived, the lodging-house lady had lain down to sleep, after the doctor's prescription : Eppey, the servant maid, was ill in the kitchen with a sickness at her stomach : the door was barred against duns, and Frederic the Great had dipped into his third bottle with a black student, almost bleached by the violent sudorifics applied

to his pocket by his expert brother student; so that Frederic looked flushed, whilst young Niger looked pale. The black servant of Miss S. appeared in George Square, a snow white billet in his raven hand: here blackey ran up to the three pair of stairs window to see that all was right; and then giving the password to his general (Bene Domine) Wildbore opened the door in person, swearing loudly at the same time to John, and Robert, and James, and Philip a son of a ———, and adding, “the rogues I believe are all drunk, but I could not see Miss S——’s messenger without much emotion, nor could I bear a delay in opening her commands; but do, Mr. Oronooko, take a tumbler of wine, and I will

answer your divine mistress." "Tank ye, Massa, mi drink your hell; but Missy tell to mi dat di note vant no answer;" and as he was going out he muttered something quite unintelligible. Wildbore opened the letter with much haste: it contained but a few lines.

Dear Sir,

Your precipitation overpowers and alarms me: let me think: I must be circumspect. I owe much to the blood from which I am sprung, to numerous noble relations, to prudence, and to myself. Don't see me for a week.

Adieu.

Delays are dangerous in love: the

tailor could make no allowance for those who sigh at a window, or freeze at a door. There was no temporizing with him; and yet he must not disobey his lady's commands. He resolved, therefore, to solicit a loan of his landlady (now under the influence of liquor), to temporize with his creditors, and to watch his admired, lest she should listen to another suitor, and thereby blight his hopes. The key was stretched out with unsteady hand, and a consent given in a drowsy tone of voice. Frederic saluted the antiquated dame, and put a few pounds into his fob. With this he parried all but Northerland; and he stowed him off by a law quirk for fourteen days, and closely watched his mistress. What was the result?

She was flirting violently with Lord Stone, and jilting him completely, so that he saw that he was losing his time. He plied her with warm and tender billets, but she curled her hair with them ; and Frederic resolved to employ the armistice gained over the tailor to attack elsewhere.

There lived not a hundred miles from George Square an elderly virgin, who had overstood her market, and who now began to think that no time was to be lost in getting a mate. She had once been rather pretty, but autumnal tints had already visited her charms.. She used the narrowed and curtailed petticoat ; but the elastic bound of a Diana had fled. She opened a display of all

her charms to the enquiring eye of a lover, but it beheld nothing but the spot which had once possessed attraction, the bare site of a decayed temple, as the sea sand only remains where a valuable wreck was once lost. She opened a once pleasing mouth with a smile ; but the hand of time and pining care had supplanted the dimple by a less engaging mark. She however had a small fortune, and was endowed with excessive eccentricity.

This last quality favoured Wildbore. He played love ditties under her chamber window, and she closed it not ; he plied her with novels and romances, and she read them. Those it was which had made her what she was. She had

all along fancied herself a goddess, and looked for a husband above the common sphere ; a superior, amorous, sentimental, intellectual, dying swain ; but she had found none. Time had altered her views, and she saw in the manly appearance of Wildbore matter more attractive, for she was a *dab* at chemistry. Frederic, at the same time under the haze of wine and the pressure of debt, blinded by his vanity, and deafened by the clamorous cries of his creditors, very soon

Fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And he the bold knight of the lance.

MOORE.

Her eccentricities he construed into every superior abilities ; her listening to him

he viewed as a proof of uncommon sense and discernment ; her leerings, her languid silver-toned voice, her form elongated upon a sofa, and the affected airs in her deportment, he interpreted as the strongest testimonies of matchless passion, and of unequalled admiration. He had now quite forgotten the Honorable Miss S. and she had more than forgotten him. Day flowed on after day, like the soft course of a rivulet murmuring betwixt banks studded with roses, bespangled with the pearly dew of a warm sun, and fanned by the gentle breath of vernal zephyrs. Often would he climb the lofty hill called Arthur's Seat, at whose feet sit debt and distress, ragged rocks and wide barrenness, but where it is the fashion

for lovers to go, in order to show their activity. Down this declivity would he run full tilt, linked in his lover's arm, and thrown into a fever by the exertion. At intervals would he delight in listening to her breathing high and hard, and apply a cambric handkerchief wherever most required. At another time would he brave the unwholesome exhalations of the meadow and risk marsh miasma, in order to walk under the shade of trees, and thereon to engrave their joint initials, because, as the Latin poet prettily says, "*Crescent illæ, crescetis amores,*" which many an Edinburgh student knows. At another time our love hero, "*recubans sub tegmine fagi,*" would read love sonnets to his dear, and watch the flush of her cheek, which

came from the perfumers, and the rising of her *sternum*, for love's pillow had fallen from its neighbourhood.

Every thing was going on delightfully ; Frederic was in love all day and in liquor all night ; so that hours seemed like minutes, and weeks like short days ; but time, who is a hard creditor, and is not to be put off like a dun, nor suspended like a *horning* (a law process that has been already shewn), not to be temporised or played with,—time, whom we talk of killing each day, but who, like a mortal foe, kills us inevitably at last,—old time was going on too swift for these gentle lovers, and an unforeseen event made a dreadful change in the scene.

But the Honorable Miss S. is not to be neglected; and the reader will be good enough gallantly to accompany her to Lord Ossian's ball, which will open in form, as a ball ought, in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Ossian's Ball.—Miss S.'s continued Triumphs.—The Duke of Anacreon's Attentions.—Two London Bucks.—Their Misbehaviour. — An unpleasant Occurrence.--Lord Urbane's Knight Errantry,--- Lord Stone's Jealousy.---Reflections on Woman.---Quality, Military, and Law Beaux.---The Lady's Chaise.---The Ball concludes.

CHAPTER III.

Some men to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake.

POPE.

LORD STONE called in his carriage to fetch Miss S. and conducted her to Lord Ossian's ball. There were many stars in the sphere of fashion; but, through the general refulgence of youth and beauty, through love's firmament, lit with beaming eyes and smiles, and studded with attractions, Miss S., like the evening star, was discernible to every eye, and could not be mistaken by a fashionable astronomer for any other luminary. This was strange;

stranger still if the reader knew all; but one great cause existed, which ever gives pre-eminence; intellect, powerful intellect, whose spark will always find its way through the abnubilation of quality fog, and through the haze of ignorance, which want of cultivation often spreads over the richest and proudest soils.

She no sooner appeared than her hand was sought by numerous cavaliers. She was pre-engaged to Lord Stone, but for two dances only. She took a small tablet from her bosom, marked (with a gold pencil) about a dozen aspiring candidates, who (as on a minister's list) were proud of being set down, if even their turn never came; and she, in a

ministerial style, “assured them, that if she could not meet all their wishes, nor fulfil the engagements which she had taken upon her, she should still feel an inclination so to do, whenever a favorable opening occurred, and whenever existing circumstances permitted her to indulge her wish to serve them.”

Every one was delighted with such superior address ; every one looked up to so much ability. “She has as much ~~was~~ as a man,” said the Oxonian : time proved that she had more. Lord Stone, however, prevailed on her only to dance with an old peer, then to stand next couple to him, and after the second set to sham indisposition, and to decline

dancing any more; so that the proud suitor who was preferred to the rest might walk her up and down in triumph, to the great annoyance of the other beaux. She complied, and Lord Stone's victory was complete.

Lord Ossian's ball was delightful. The venerable peer did the honors of his house with a kindness and with a warmth which gave an invaluable price to every mild and obliging word, to every friendly and attentive civility; it was not only "*il cor nelle parole*," but the heart in every look, in every thought, in every action. It is not possible to meet with more worth in any one individual than in Lord Ossian; and although he comes from the Emerald Isle,

where impetuosity is a leading feature of the national character, he is all mildness, benevolence, friendship, and piety ; 'tis truly with him that

Friendship indeed was written, not in words,
And with the heart, not pen.

BEN JONSON.

His suavity of manner pleased every age and each sex. To the ladies he was polite, flattering, and respectful : to the men, hospitable and obliging : to the young he was paternally kind : to the old solicitously attentive. His daughter came out that day (her birthday) with more than usual *éclat*, and the fond eye of a father watched her every step.

Lady Harriet is no beauty. She has an *outré* timidity, a *mauvaise honte*, which produces awkwardness, a rawness of appearance, that bespeaks an overgrown tenant of the nursery, and is not unlike the cowering, shivering, half-fledged bird, with long legs and disproportioned body, stalking away in fear and trembling, and seeking her mother's wing ; so much so that when Lord Urbane was asked what he thought of her, he said that she put him in mind of a newly hatched chicken trotting along with a portion of the egg-shell stuck to her tail.

Every one was anxious to dance with her ladyship, but still more anxious to dance with the Honorable Miss S.

At length two London beaux who were *ball pitch*, i. e. primed with grape, accosted her a little freely whilst hanging on Lord Stone's arm. One begged to see the list of gentlemen destined to share her favors; whilst the other begged to be informed which was her bosom friend out of the long enumeration, and requested a place at the bottom of the list. As she put her hand in her bosom to take it out, the first, more bold than his weak brother, offered to save her the trouble. Lord Stone remained motionless, like a stick, or like what he was,—a *stone*; and was not a little surprised to hear her suffer and mingle in the loosest conversation. But from the bonny Duchess of G——, down to the Miss of her name, Mary

W—— (Lady Sophia's daughter), Lady Charlotte D——, her sister, the Lady H——s, *et cetera*, many women of rank, were not over nice and delicate *en propos*, and justify the observation that “every woman is at heart a rake.” Balls, late hours, champagne, brilliant suppers, flattery, warm conversation, all please the rakish fair, and tend to bend the uprightness of decorous reserve, and to loosen the zone of spotless chastity.

The London ruffians now grew more bold; and actually proceeded to familiarities, when old Lord Urbane, raising his spectacles from his nose, and looking like a crusadical knight of old, stepped forward, and calling the young puppies

aside, rebuked them in the most unqualified style for their impertinence, informed them that Miss S. was under his protection ; and giving them at the same time his card, assured them that he expected either written apologies the next day, or he should know ~~what~~ other line of conduct to pursue. He now returned to his *protégée*, and requesting the honor of her other arm, looked contempt at Lord Stone, and paraded her in a defying manner up and down the room. Lord Stone felt confused and awkward, jealous, disgusted, but more in love than ever. He shammed a head-ache, and left her arm for a few minutes, in order to retire to the anti-chamber, to reflect a few minutes, and to recover his composure.

Miss S—'s vacant arm was soon seized. The old Duke Anacreon possessed himself of the prize, and paraded with the great magnet in the ball-room, saying ten thousand fulsome flattering things, and looking at her lovely shoulders with all the vicious keenness of a satyr. Lord Urbane recounted to his Grace the insolence of the young men ; and the Duke said, loud enough to be heard by them, that they deserved to be turned out of the room. The spark of resentment soon communicated to Lord Ossian, and to his son, Lord K——n. Hospitality forbade their dismissing them the house ; but they looked on them with a coolness of reserve which soon informed them that they were not welcome. They accordingly took the hint and

withdrew; and as they were passing Lord Stone, who had recovered his embarrassment in some measure, he requested their cards, and informed them that they should hear from him the next day. “Two monsters!” exclaimed another of Miss S——’s admirers; so that they had enough upon their hands.

This scene had thrown a damp over the evening’s amusements, but Miss S. soon recovered her sang froid; whilst the love-making of the hoary cupid amused the young misses most amazingly, for they were all envious of Miss S. and they now affected to laugh at both her and his Grace. Yet had the skeleton of a Duke been dug up from a family vault to officiate as a bride-

groom, they would have received such a representative to their arms, for the sake of the ducal mantle and coronet, the title, the fortune, and, above all, their pre eminence over others of their own sex.

The ladies upon this occasion were much the same as at Lord Urbane's party, partly in full dress and partly in undress. There were some rich paintings amongst them, and some fine copies : feathers were the most general head-dress, and there were many jewels amongst them. After a little hesitation, a waltzing party was made up, and Miss S. agreed to join it. This enraged Lord Stone, and heightened his jealousy ; but Miss S. well knew that

jealousy feeds love's flame like throwing fuel on fire. Lord Stone now sat down gloomily and alone, and made the following reflections.

“What a piece of work is woman ! an angel in form, a tormentor in spirit, born to allure and to undo us, our delight, yet our ruin, an object which we can never be happy with or without ! At one moment I thought I possessed her heart, at another I see her sharing her smiles, her attentions, her allurements, with the crowd : at one moment I consider her as a paragon of perfection, at another I see her full of foibles and of imperfections, vain, light, loose, frivolous, proud, haughty, or too condescending and inconsistent. Her waltz-

ing is unbearable. See how she meets the eye of the Duke of Inverary (her partner) at every turn ! How her bosom heaves as he presses her almost to his heart ! How he seems to enjoy putting his arm round her well-turned waist. No modest woman ought to waltz. It is too bad : I'll bear it no longer : I'll not be the dupe of any woman. She shall either be mine, or I will cast her from my thoughts for ever. Lord Byron well knew the human heart when he wrote the just comparison betwixt woman and the butterfly.

“ As rising on its purple wing,
“ The insect queen of eastern spring,
“ O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere
“ Invites the young pursuer near,
“ And leads him on from flow'r to flow'r,
“ A weary chase and wasted hour ;

“ Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
“ With panting heart and tearful eye :
“ So beauty lures the fullgrown child
“ With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
“ A chase of idle hopes and fears,
“ Begun in folly, closed in tears.
“ If won, to equal ills betray’d,
“ Woe waits the insect and the maid.
“ A life of pain, the loss of peace,
“ From infant’s play to man’s caprice.
“ The lovely toy so fiercely sought
“ Has lost its charm by being caught ;
“ For every touch that wooed its stay
“ Has brush’d it’s brightest hues away.”

FROM THE GRAOUR.

“ Yes, by all the powers ! these two last lines are most correct. A woman who waltzes with any one but the man that she loves loses her fragrance, loses her immaculacy, defiles the virgin tint of innocence, prostitutes her attraction. The rose is thus withered by the warm

and wanton hand of her waltzing partner ; the bloom is brushed off the plum, the fruit is no longer alluring. D—n waltzing ! What a dagger to a lover's heart is the kind look of his mistress on a rival ! But I will know the state of her heart to-morrow. I will be no longer kept in suspense. It was her fault for allowing those young ideots to talk so freely to her. I begin to hate her.”

Here the waltz concluded. She looked inexpressibly pretty : she flew to Lord Stone, put out her hand to him with a kind and arch look, saying, “ My dear Lord S. are you angry ? Come and take a turn or two. I am afraid of taking cold if I sit down so near the

door, and I can't bear to see you sitting so dull and solitary there." One look, one kind word from lovely woman is a crown and a sceptre to a lover's heart: what is the world to such an Empire? How powerful is the smile of beauty to a wounded mind! it is the sunbeam breaking through the clouds of despair, the refreshing breeze that fans the cheek of the weary and famishing traveller, reposing through the rugged path of life; it is the welcome haven to the shipwrecked mariner; it is light and heat, and gives life and action to what would otherwise be a living death.

Lord Stone seized her hand, and pressing it to his lips, rose as though he

had been gifted with a kingdom, and looking proudly at her, felt that he was more deeply in love with her than ever. And well she knew it too: to recompense such well deserving, she refused to dance during the rest of the evening, walked solely with Lord Stone, sat next him at supper, and allowed him to conduct her home by which all cares, all fears, all dread, doubt, and dismay, fled like melting vapours in the sun before the warm smile, ripe lip, kind look, and numberless attractions, of her who held his heart in golden chains. To complete his triumph, she gave him Wildbore's billets-doux to read; and they laughed at them together. "Was this well done?" No; — but this is no new trick: one

lover is always sacrificed at the shrine of another.

To the ball succeeded a splendid supper. The male part of the company was composed of nobility, the army quartered in and about Edinburgh, and the youth who were of the legal profession. The first class engrossed the elder fair, and those who had art and discernment enough to look to a settlement, and ambition enough to aspire to a title. Youth, beauty, and artlessness, gave themselves to the sword, for "none but the brave deserve the fair." The quills were obliged to put up with rejected addresses, or rather with partners aged, ordinary, or otherwise unattractive, and such as

it was an act of complaisance to ask. Not one knight of the quill had Miss S——'s hand during the night.

The supper was magnificent; the music was admirable: and all the arrangements of the evening were judiciously and elegantly planned. After supper, the bold colonels and captains talked to their partners of love and of war, of partial and of general engagements, lisped plenty of soft nonsense in their ears, and laid ambuscades and snares for their hearts; whilst the dear creatures on their parts opened the artillery of their eyes upon the military combatant, angled for affections, poured the shot and shell of spirited small talk on their legion of lovers, nay,

prepared the demilune and horn-work for future spouses.

Thus did matters proceed for a while, when vocal music divided the attention of the belles and beaux ; and at last the festive scene concluded by returning to the light dance, and by separating at sunrise. Many a wounded heart now retired to its covert ; many a buck felt the first twitching and tingling of his antlers ; many an aching head and restless body arose the next day but half refreshed with sleep. But it is now time to give a list of these fashionables.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARACTERS AT THE BALL,
WITH ANECDOTES THEREOF.

SIR WILLIAM F——S.

THERE are some people of whom little can be said, and yet that little it would be injustice to withhold. This is precisely the case with the worthy baronet in question, who is really a benefit to the country to which he belongs. Sir William is descended from a very ancient family, and is the representative of an extinct peerage. He succeeds

his father in a bank, the respectability of which has been for three generations completely proverbial, and the honor and integrity of whose transactions have ever been unimpeached.

The late Sir William was one of the most moral, charitable, and humane men in the world, and added to the public acts of charity, and to the national institutions for benevolent purposes, in all of which he took a lead : his extensive private and unostentatious charities, dispensed in the most feeling and delicate manner, will stand recorded when time is no more.

As a man of business, the present as well as the late baronet is well calcu-

lated for obtaining popularity ; but still he wants that uncommon soft and obliging manner which the deceased Sir William possessed. So truly popular was he, so generally a favorite, so universally esteemed, that there was not a division of opinion about him ; nor do we ever remember but one attempt at satire at his expense, and even that was perfectly innocent so far as it regarded him. It was in the town Eclogue, supposed (indeed known) to be written by the Rev. Mr. ———, which was soon suppressed, as it exposed national vices and imperfections, from the penny pie, filled with dog and other animal's flesh, up to the pulpit, where the late Mr. S. is represented as eructating his text,

and hiccuping out a prayer under the powerful influence of liquor. Here, speaking of a drowsy monotonous preacher, he says (mentioning his name)

Whose drowsy drone
Makes misses titter and Sir William groan.

Had Sir William possessed one vice, it would have been brought forward in this publication ; so that the slight touch alluded to is a sort of negative at least, if not positive praise of a most exemplary character.

LORD K—————L.

A worthier or better lord than this there cannot be. He is a multum in

parvo of goodnature and propriety, an exemplary brother, and an honest man. We only regret that his elevation in two departments has raised a laugh against him ; as he certainly does not fill or represent either of them : we mean the pride of heraldry, and the military pomp of power. In the one, he decidedly is neither like a herald or a champion ; and were he to bear a banner in chivalric ceremony, we could not banish from our mind the idea of Bartholomew fair : in the other, his being contrasted with a thousand Highlanders* placed under his command, diminishes the duodecimo size of manhood given by dame nature as

* The Perthshire.

his portion : and we cannot chase General Jacks from our imagination. Indeed, not at all unlike master Bruin and the aforesaid little gentleman are the peer and his ultramontane orderly sergeant : for although the peer tries hard to “ add one cubit to his height,” and looks as if he had swallowed a halberd, yet Donald still looks down upon his colonel when receiving his commands.

That representation also of the monarch of the brute creation, of the savage majesty of the destroying animal, which my lord bears in his title, is greatly against him. All-accommodating Walter could, however, dress him up to advantage, we doubt not ; for he has immortalized a Lord Lion, by be-

stowing upon him four of the worst lines which he ever wrote, save always a guard-house song, in the *Lady of the Lake*. These heraldic lines are as follows—

But still his name has high account,
And still his muse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the mount,
Lord Lion, king at arms!

Which remind us of,

And thou, Dalhousie, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar.

What still deteriorates this bathos, is, that the bard seems to have even descended to imitation, bearing in mind a doggerel poem, in which “Lieutenant-General, Earl of Mar,” is contrasted in rhyme with “the god of war;” and

we do not yet despair of hearing of the
Peer figuring, in spite of his teeth,
in a poem of Walter's,

“In helmet and hauberk of glistening mail.”

It would be highly lauded by
the Edinburgh reviewers, puffed by
the booksellers of Edinburgh, and
bought by a gross of cousins and
family connexions. Besides Miss
E———t, and other misses, who
missed their aim when ready to jump
down the peer's throat, (probably from
the little danger opposed by an out-
work of teeth,) would purchase it also
to justify their taste, and to enable
them “to find favor with the Lord
———,” (Lion be it understood.)

LORD R———.

However mild may be the character of this peer, it did not insure him a bed of roses in his matrimonial journey through life. His best endeavours to please the object of his affections were crowned far differently than with success.

The peer, his father, was famous for little else than pride, and preserving his game: no one was allowed to poach on the manners (manors we mean) which he possessed. It had been better perhaps for his son if he had been equally strict; but not being aware that his lady was *game*, he was more liberal than his unpopular progenitor.

In the flower of his youth, he hoped long to adorn the bosom to which he was first attached. Vanity alone, however, had charms to please : soon throwing off the humble primrose and violet, her love of change was discovered, whilst the wreath of promised bliss was blighted for ever.

Few instances of seduction have equalled ; none can surpass that which tore from this young nobleman an amiable and blooming bride. Every ingredient which treachery could throw in, to dash and imbitter another's cup, was infused into that which the injured lord had to taste ; and, to render the draught more destructive, the poison was administered by a seeming friend,

by one who had eminently shared the hospitality of him whom he betrayed. The connexion which a former union had given him in the family, suavity and persuasiveness of manners, assiduous attentions, and long tried arts, were all employed by this arch-seducer: so much so, that a degree of pity, unmerited perchance, has been bestowed on the object of his seduction.

We cannot, however, quite acquit Lord R—— for a blindness bordering on stupidity, and for a want of that discernment which might have prevented, or at least have sooner detected the criminal correspondence which disgraced his house. We cannot imagine how the *traditore* was permitted

to enter the roof of violated friendship in divers disguises, and at various times, without meeting with that reception which these guilty manœuvres so justly merited.

Disappointment, however, disgust, and an aching void, are the inseparable companions of guilt. The exiled baronet cannot command that heart which he has plundered from another: peace, which used to cause the heave of that bosom like the soft triumphant swell of an untroubled sea, has deserted its lovely abode, and has ceased to sparkle in that eye: serenity, the charm of virtue, no longer ennobles that countenance: the despoiler has obtained the casket, but the jewel is lost!

LORD K———.

Titles are often very empty things : so his lordship well knows, and the man who lodged a complaint against him knows it too. There is a string of lords, mostly from the north, which is a lamentable line of nobility, so much blood, and so little bone to carry them through a day's work, or rather, it should be said, all bone, for they are boney lords, but have little or no flesh upon that bone, unless they be fed upon oil-cake, oatmeal, kail brose, or upon tick, which is not a Scotch dish, and which, when taken too largely, brings the peerage into disgrace, as in the instance of Lord K———, versus his landlord, in whose house the Right Honorable

lodger had unfurnished rooms, and whose few sticks of property were so nearly being exchequered, or put in chancery, to use the term of the fancy, who make such striking similes and remarks.

These peers, like many bishops, are completely titular, and personages in partibus. Now the episcopus in partibus is nothing more nor less than the bishop without a bishopric, which is every thing now a-days : and thus, the lord, without lordly provision, is a very peer in partibus, the best part of which is wanting.

It is pitiful to see so many unprovided and idle nobles. There was a

Lord Delorain, in former times, a very noble title, and greatly allied, who was a titled pauper, a walking disgrace to his family. We had a Lord Falkland, the last but one, not only an unprovided idler, but a black blot upon the fair name and legend of his ancestors. We have a Lord S—ple, who must be living on simples, but whether of the animal or of vegetable kind, matters not to us: and also a Lord K—, who gets into print in no very lordly way. We remember his predecessor, with a throne upon his back, seeking lodgings at Cheltenham and elsewhere in cog; but when the lodgings were obtained, and he made his lodgement good, he used to let the lord out of his hump, like a cat out of a bag, to

the no small annoyance of the lodging keeper, who repented for a while not having cheated him more in the price, but who, at parting, found that he had charged him quite enough.

This may not be a bad hint to the present lord. But would it not be better for poor nobility to embark in professions, and thus add to the means of supporting the dignity of their house, which not unfrequently has no support but the supporters on a job carriage or a family seal, the impression of which is wearing out daily. We are aware that Lord K—— was in a profession a noble one, the army, in a brave corps, the Guards: but we remember him in a scrape, and if we

mistake not, he got out of it, and of his regiment, without much *eclat*, and not very differently from his getting out of his lodgings or the justice of peaces' office.

Verbum sat sapienti.

THE EARL OF M————.

This worthy nobleman has gone by three nick-names, or *noms de guerre*, although he never was *un homme de guerre*: viz. the court fixture, the dancing master, and the lowly suitor.

The first title he has long and worthily possessed, having been a piece of court furniture, vilely called drawing-room lumber by uncourtly men for a great number of years; how useful

we will not pretend to say, unless patience and perseverance in walking through a minuet, (not unlike a goose, as far as stepping goes) with a number of disappointed females, who fondly looked out for more blooming partners in the dance, be accounted utility, or unless the act of waiting, and presentation, be deemed active service, and *presence d'esprit*.

At all events, the peer is not ornamental, in spite of lace ruffles and court dresses; nor can we accuse him of an excess of neatness and cleanliness when off court duty: if, however, he do possess these qualities, we would recommend him to change his washerwoman.

The second title of dancing-master has been acquired by his appearance and by his habits: the third and last title has been gained by other habits, lower habits, habits which have put him on a footing with very humble amorous rivals, and have reduced crispin and the peer to the same level, to the same measures, and often to the same quarters.

In love, a taste for the garret and the cellar is not confined to high or low life. The Mayor of Garret, or the attic lover, is not for this a magistrate or a wit, nor does he soar above mankind because he has a greater taste for high love than for high life. He rises, to be sure, superior to difficulties, gets above the world, and may be

called Lord Stair ; but yet, were it even the royal assent (a partial licence for ascent) would not make him be much looked up to for it.

Thus, Lord M——'s taste for low love is no proof of a liking for low life, nor does it sink him in court favor, or in public opinion, although it may plunge him in pursuit of Jenny Diver below the level of polished circles, nay, even below the level of the earth.

He is not, however, for this a republican lover, nor a levelling politician. Much of the amorous gleanings of the guid (not sweet) town of auld Reikie lies in the fourth and fifth stories, and

down in the lower regions of the Canon-gate: the former may attract a star gazer, and he may follow the Canon-gate motto—*Sic itur ad astra*: but he must be aware of *garde l'eau*, or an unsavory ablution, which may wash away the zest of his enjoyments: (this would be fatal to Lord M——'s passion.) The latter exemplifies “*Facilis decensus averni*,” and should have for device—*Sic itur ad*—an oyster cellar, or lucky Lawson's rabbit-warren, if you please; and here again men traps and spring guns are a little to be guarded against, as well as case-shot and combustibles.

If, however, any one may have (in former times) perceived the gallant

courtier on his knees in these situations at the feet of a down-stairs beauty, with strong attractions, and with golden locks, he must not, on that account, think less highly of my lord's performance, either in a duet or *so-low*. *Chacun a son gout* ; a word to the wise ; *vous m'entendez bien*.

THE DUKE OF GLENTILT.

His Grace is of a most ancient family ; and it would seem either was, or fancied himself, a prince ; for he used to sign documents in a very high style, it is said—such as permissions (very few in number) to shoot upon his manors—thus : given at our palace of, et cetera.

'The extent of his territorial property is certainly immense; and it appears that he prefers extent to population, having driven a large portion thereof (all the Glentilt-men) from their habitations, to make room for deer, and to extend his park. He thereby shewed his taste, in substituting trees for people, and in benefiting beasts instead of men. A traveller, piqued at the feudal importance of his grace, and offended on account of this ill treatment of the Glentilt-men, upon being shewn an immense stuffed bear at the palace (doubtless some old favorite of the duke's) asked, "What family likeness it was?"

The family motto, which directs his

vassals — “ furth and fill the fetters,” is rather hostile to freedom and civilization, for which reason, probably, very few take the liberty of visiting the duke, or of enjoying the sports of his field. There is a great portraiture of sullen grandeur about his property : the abrupt and rugged precipice, the unpolished rocks and crags, the barren heath, and the offensive and defensive thistle, every where prevail ; whilst the flight of the eagle gives more majesty than attraction to the spot. We must allow that the Inver is a great relief, that fine timber soothes the eye through the gloom, and that the intervention of picturesque views gives a great charm, where charm is increased by contrast ; yet, altogether, the bear,

the eagle, the mountain uneasy of access, prohibited manors, forbidden game, and a repulsive mansion, so absorb the traveller's ideas, that they spoil the fair face of nature, which otherwise might have invited and welcomed his approach.

This contrast has just the effect of a studied smile upon a stern countenance, where the eye is at variance with the lip, the mind is jealous of the eye, and the heart is in opposition to them all. There are, however, within his halls, at times, the numerous circle and the gorgeous feast; and, of its nature and festivity, as well as of the submission and sentiments of his vassals, the fol-

following short story may give no inadequate idea.

A Sir H. L. who had travelled a great deal (in a diplomatic capacity, we believe), was one of a numerous circle who assisted at the serious, important, and pompous ceremony of celebrating the birth-day of the great chief. The ceremony was of course an annual one ; so, it would seem, was the court habit of his grace. Sir Henry produced a splendid snuff-box set round with diamonds : it was admired, and handed round the table ; finally, it was missing, and no efforts could produce it. The feast broke up as usual, and the baronet departed without his box.

The ensuing birth-day arrived : nearly the same company was present, at least all his numerous vassals ; and the usual dress was assumed by the chief. Shortly after dinner, the duke, putting his hand in his coat pocket, missed his handkerchief ; and, upon searching more diligently, found a hole in his pocket, through which it had fallen into the lining, out of which he extracted it, accompanied by the box which had been so long missing ! The surprise, the joy, the consternation, on different countenances, were astonishing. The duke had actually discharged servants on suspicion, and taken very strong measures respecting the loss.—“ Who would have thought it ? ” exclaimed he. —“ I kent it fa’ weel,” cried an old sly

looking vassal. “I saw your grace tak up the box.”—“And what a monster not to have mentioned it!” sternly replied the Duke.—“Me mention it,” said the highlander: “me! no for a’ the warld. It wud be ill becoming of me to betray my chief. How did I ken but that your grace might ha ta’en a fancy til’t!!!”

THE GR—ME.

The revolution of France (as all revolutions do) produced many celebrated characters in the civil, and particularly in the military line. The latter being more the genius of the nation, the greater talent was elicited in that profession. The cause, however, of Lord

L——'s taking up the profession of arms was not owing to political or revolutionary convulsions, but to the necessity which an active mind feels of being employed ; to the restlessness of a latent talent which seeks to come into action ; and to the want of distraction, which aching affections, deprived of their resting-place, poignantly experience. The loss of her who

Was the rainbow of his sight,

His world, his heaven of lost delight,

CAMPBELL.

gave to his mind a fixed melancholy, which nothing but active scenes could for a moment remove.

Having visited Italy for the recovery of an adored wife's health, who was

snatched from him in that country, he sought to be turned aside from his anguish by throwing himself into Toulon, at the time of its siege; and, although no military man, he there rendered service, the value of which was felt, and is acknowledged by government.

Genius is of every profession, and where it exists in a high degree it can be directed to any study, to any pursuit. Moreau, who was an eminent lawyer, became a consummate general. Many others in France came from very opposite studies to military tactics; yet, by bravery, perseverance, and general knowledge, were soon at the summit of the military profession.

At Mantua he again found himself shut up in a besieged place ; and there he rendered service to the military, whilst he exercised his benevolence on the sufferings of his fellow-creatures at large. He afterwards raised a regiment from patriotic motives merely, for he only enjoyed temporary rank ; and it was with difficulty, and not without a difference of opinion, that he obtained possession of that regiment, the permanence and advancement to his rank : such is the fear of innovation in our military department, such the disinclination of government to bestow rank or command on those whose political or other opinions are at variance with theirs.

Repeated merit, repeated claims on a nation's gratitude, at length, won for him what had been disputed and delayed. His courage and conduct at Barossa—his constant co-operation with the Duke of Wellington in expelling the French from the peninsula, obtained him the titles, honors, and decorations which he now possesses, and place him amongst his peers, both in the upper house and in the field of honor; and it may be truly said, that noble ancestry entitle him to the one, whilst the dangers which he has shared well fit him for the other.

Lord L—— is said to be descended from the Gr—me, the faithful companion of William Wallace.

Had Lord L—— been an ordinary man, he would have sought to have diverted his cares from their corroding effect, by the chase, by gaming, or the delusive bowl, and by other modes of dissipation ; but his is a mind not to be satisfied with such trivial unintellectual pursuits.

We have in Lord Erskine and Lord L—— two very strong, but contrary examples of what crosses or afflictions may do in the way of turning them to benefits and advantages. The former, had he met with promotion, instead of discouragement, in the profession of arms, would not now have been an honor and luminary in the profession of the law, and an ornament to the names

of patriot and Briton; nor would Lord L——, had his beloved partner lived, have turned from agriculture, or the walk of a private gentleman, to gather laurels in the field of glory, or to do credit to the House of Peers.

YOUNG G——.

The present possessor of this title is as different from him from whom it is derived as light and darkness possibly can be. The Duke was crafty and avaricious, magnificent with economy, lustful with misery, sensual, yet selfish, proud, yet low and mean in his pleasures and pursuits, uncharitable, yet a dupe to flatterers, a stubborn *celibataire*,

and an abstemious health-valuing man: he was splendid in his own household and appointments, with a perfect contempt for the comforts of others, and a total disregard for posterity; like the French egotiste, “ *apres moi la fin du monde,*” was his sentiment if not his saying.

The Marquis, cousin to the departed ducal debauchee, is open, candid, artless, and unsuspecting, confused, and devoid of economy, pleasurable without arrangement or regard of consequences, sensual but not selfish, humble without meanness, charitable, and no friend to flattery, uxorious to a degree, and neither abstemious nor

a promoter of health, negligent and ill appointed in his house and establishment, sedulously attentive to the good and comforts of others, regardful and very active for the increase and good of posterity ; and not having a French sentiment, saying, maxim, or word in his whole catalogue, but being an honest, worthy John Bull, or rather a *sandy*, in manners and principles, in appearance and pursuits.

The Marquis is a lover of the fair sex, the bottle, the turf, the fancy, and of fun and frolic in all their departments. Old Q——, in his turf and play transactions, was ever a gainer, deep, well informed, and well suited to

win, with a great command of money, of temper, and countenance, and up completely to the thing. The Marquis in his sporting and gaming transactions has always been a loser, deficient in information, fair and honest, and ill fitted to win, with little command of money, of temper, or of countenance, being gifted by dame Nature with a kindly heart and mien of the broadest type, and legible by the commonest capacity : in short, he never was up to any thing, except up late at night, or early in the morning before his bedtime ; and of course, he, as the weakest, ever went to the wall.

His lordship will have long to repent his intimacy and acquaintance

with the defunct, degraded, drunken, Greek ruffian F——, and with the black hearted and hided badger, G—— of ——, whose sporting life disgraces his ancient blood, and casts a slur upon the name of a highlander, being the rough, coarse, and unfragrant semblance of the thistle, with the dangerous, blood-drawing asperity of its prickly leaf, so repulsive of access, so dangerous in contact, but devoid of the stately uprightness of that mountain plant, and unpossessed of the qualities of frugality, patience, hardihood, and endurance, which either constitute the good properties of the thistle, or compose the virtues of the highland character. It is to be lamented that the Marquis should share the cup, or

divide his time, with companions so unworthy and unprofitable ; and that the attractions of the best of wives, the society of a numerous progeny, and the romantic survey of his estates, should not suffice to fill up his hours.

He has a numerous female race, without a male heir looking up to him. Life is short : former irregularities tell ; and he may not, cannot, look for the solace of friendship, the improvement of wisdom, or the charm of fascination of any kind, in the society of elderly sportsmen, declining gamblers, and degraded gentlemen. Heaven forbid ! that these friends of his youth should be the companions of his old age.

The reader will forgive our taking this opportunity to introduce

LORD A————

This is another judge with a strange title ; who is one of the rat club, having slunk off from the opposition to be a firm supporter of the treasury bench ; and from being a determined whig, has become a most prejudiced tory ; probably with the view of keeping the other wig firmer on his head, and ensuring place, pension, et cetera, to self and family. He has been also created a baronet, so that my lady is my lady indeed, and that has great weight in families.

The petticoat has its preponderance in many houses, nay in the *upper* as well as the *lower* house; and it is a mighty mortifying thing to have the husband a law-lord, and the wife only plain mistress, instead of being a law-lady, when at the same time so many of them make their word a law with their spouses. Again, some of the law titles sound so ridiculous, that the ladyship would be quite affronted by the name.

Therefore it was quite decorous that Lord A———— should be made a baronet, that his wife might be Lady ————; and that, as a price for the ratting system, son Dick, now the “*spes Gregis*,”——“*Ah! Silice*,” we were

going to add in continuance of the line, should in time come to be Sir Richard, and should very worthily represent those islands whence the Scotch geese come.

Had poor Peter, not the Great, nor Peter Pindar, but Peter the wild boy, lived, he would have been an addition to the rum baronets of the day : but he, poor luckless wight, was burned out literally by brandy, whiskey, and other combustibles. Poor Bob - too was unlucky enough to have been a major in his cradle ; and the story of the major's greeting for his porridge reached head quarters, and made such a fuss, that poor Bob's promotion was nearly being stopped ; and he, to avoid this stigma,

very nobly and very boldly sought service, until the climate of the West Indies finished him.

'Twas a pity that that unlucky water gruel story passed the Tweed, else would he have been one of the household generals, fitter for the nursery than any thing else, who, having served Bacchus and Venus to a certain extent, and been troublesome for many years on parade, now enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* in the pump-room at Bath, at the Union or Cocoa-tree Club, or are pensioned by demireps, or flourish in the autumnal sunshine of female titled favour, without ever having shot any thing beyond a cat in their whole life-time.

Unfortunately, however, for the law lord, it was otherwise ; and in the remaining branches of his family tree the females are not burthened with beauty, nor the males encumbered with a superabundance of sense : and as his lordship's talents on the bench have never gone the length of having him quoted as a law authority, it is much to be dreaded that in a few fleeting years his name will sink into entire oblivion.

SIR G—— M'G——.

This baronet, whose title, however, does not appear in the Court Calendar and is not so fully authenticated

might be, belongs nevertheless to a most ancient family, and to a most powerful clan. His country is that, where, without much wealth, chiefs may possess—

“ ————— a wide domain,
“ And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain.”

And it seems pretty clear that the hardy mountaineer is determined to make out the immediately following lines.

“ But what of wealth the niggard lord denied,
His fearless arm from happier climes supplied.”

From his taste for insurrection, perilous adventure, and predatory war, it would seem as if he belonged to Roderic vich Alpin dhu, et cetera, although his

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person, when we saw him, was not quite the black swarthy chief described by Scott.

At one time he was a captain in the 57th; but he strutted about Edinburgh with the gilt spur at his heel (doubtless as a presage of the knighterrantry in which he was about to be engaged), and took the title of colonel. This staggered the belief of the slow, sceptical, and wary Edinburghians; and some even made so bold as to call him an in-tak and an adventurer. The fact, however, was, that he had a right to the assumed title of colonel, having served with distinction in the Portuguese army, and having that brevet rank which was usually given to cap-

tains in the British army, serving thus : he had also a Portuguese order, in reward of his services. Except in the above circumstances, he gained no notoriety in the capital of Scotland.

He used to attend chymical and other lectures in the university, walked up and down the fashionable streets of the Caledonian metropolis, with a beautiful sister on each arm, and gave occasional parties in a sky-parlor, occupied by his Highland mamma and fine family, in the very upper end of Prince's Street. He was then married to a foreign comtesse, whether soi-disant, or not, we cannot decide ; but the colonel had a taste for distinctions ; and a coronet was affixed to his chariot, his livery-

men being at the same time whimsically dressed.

Nothing was subsequently heard of him, until in the Isle of Wight he gave concerts, was received as a baronet though shyed by some, and announced his widowhood. He then flew off abroad, and marrying a native of South America, with money, identified himself with the cause of the patriots, or insurgents, for their success will determine which name is to be given them; and we hear of him as a general officer.

These details may be the more interesting, as in revolutionary times it is hard to say what men or nations may

become. The general has, doubtless, recruited his little *corps d'armèe* from those of his own countrymen who migrated to North America: and the heads of the insurrectionary government have shown some head in selecting adventurers of Sir G—'s native land. These hardy sons of the mountain are every where intrepid, sober, patient of suffering, faithful, and firm; and whatever the fate of war may be, much of personal valor and exertion is to be expected, of enterprize, and courage, from the Alpine race, who have embraced the cause.

SIR ———.

Here we have a fine instance of title; enough to put nobility out of fashion.

We have a gloomy, broken, school-master-looking man, with an ignoble air, and a very unsafe smile, ill-dressed and ill-bred, translated from the town council of the good city of Edinburgh (of all town councils the vilest) into the court calendar, as a noble of the land.

Distinctions are certainly inherited by some people, and thrust upon others; for the habit of thus making a mob of knights, of baronets, and of new-fangled peers, can have no other effect than to depreciate those once chaste ranks in society. The utility of this measure is inconceivable. If a military or naval hero rise from the field to the cabinet, and from the scene of fight to the house of peers, and thence glitters in

well-earned decorations at the foot of the throne, which he has supported by the effusion of his blood—if the armorial bearings and coroneted arms of such a man point out to his grateful country his achievements and his name, every one is well pleased : his example will speak volumes to posterity—will create embryo heroes to emulate his fame and renown : when no more, from his venerable ashes will rise a spark to light up other triumphs—will spring names yet unchronicled, and deeds yet unrecorded in the proud historic page. This was the origin of nobility, this is its purest and most ancient source.

When, also, a man filled with wisdom and patriotism, and uncorrupted

by power (a *rara avis* by the way), shall by his able negotiations as a diplomatist, or as a man of purity, of justice, and of discernment in the senate, have saved, raised, enriched, supported, or given peace to, his country, the meed of praise is not only due, but the ornamental robe, the glittering trapping, and the distinctive title, sit well upon such a personage.

But when, as a shabby baronet takes the wall of you in the street, or precedence of you in a chamber, you learn that he was, like Sir —, a dabbler, if not a rogue, in grain, at a moment of scarcity ; that he has, or had, a number of retail poison shops, kept by commission, where, under the name of whis-

key, a vitriolic ardent compound is poured into the bowels of the land, and where a chimney-sweeper calls for “ twa-penny worth of Sir ——,” you will naturally inquire what on earth could be the motives for this unnatural metamorphosis. Then, again, we have Lady ——s, who puts all quality out of countenance.

This encreasing nobility is really a growing evil, nay, it even defeats the purpose of aggrandizing the individual ; for when money makes the man to go, what would constitute a very rich vender of bottles, or a furnisher of swine to army or navy, or a drysalter, or a Mr. Such-a-one, citizen and tobacconist, would make but a poor Sir

Thomas or Sir William, and a very scurvy Lord Tottenham Dale, or Rottenborough, or Newfield, or some such fresh coinage of Birmingham counterfeit nobility: not to mention the bad jokes that are cut upon these nobles and their immediate progeny.

“No wonder,” says an intriguante, who has sacked a *ci-devant* alderman’s money, and cannot bleed him again—“no wonder that the fellow should be hard-hearted – why his father was a collector of hobnails, and afterwards made his fortune by an iron-work.” “Law!” exclaims Lady Minikin, “what an exotic to graft upon a quality tree! I declare that Sir Jeffrey looks just like the frothy boiling over of soap suds, by

which he bought his title ; but you know there's no washing a black-a-moor white." "D—— me," exclaims a ruffian of quality, picking his teeth, "what a brick and mortar concern ! what a peer they have built up : do you know that the fellow's father was a bricklayer ; that he new-roofed Lord ——'s dog kennel ; and built up my new stable near Bibury race-course !" "How he speaks in the upper house !" cries an old disgusted cur : " he's all oil, like his grandfather's shop ;" " or tallow like his father's," adds another ; " and I suppose he'll make light of us all before he has been a session amongst us ; but I smelt the fellow out the moment he took the oaths."

“Smoke the tobacconist!” remarks an older baronet: “they must be put to a pinch to ennoble such a thing! Shall we call him Irish blackguard, or the Prince’s mixture? They have made him a M. P. too. I dare say, when they pipe all hands on a division of the house, he’ll tell, nay perhaps in a reply he may give them *quid pro quo*. In short, if the monied interest would reflect on the low price put upon recent title, they would not sink into a spurious aristocracy, and bear the contempt of the very class to which they are anxious to belong.”

COLONEL F—— GR——, M. P.

It is impossible for more worth to exist in a human frame, more benevolence, more charity, more humility, more patriotism, than in the person of this excellent young man. He descends from a family which has proved a blessing to the country which it inhabits. Thousands draw their only support from this most ancient house: bread is by it distributed to numerous families: their possessions are most extensive, indeed more so than productive: their ancestry is illustrious, their alliances noble, their clan powerful and strong, their fortune ample, their fame unsullied, their memory revered.

The late ~~Sir James~~ Gr——, the colonel's father, and his lady, were prototypes of conjugal happiness, of domestic virtues, of old unaffected hospitality, and the complete supporters and practisers of good old customs. Nothing can be more highland than that chieftain was to a coxcomical lowlander, even ridiculously so : for instance, Sir James Gr——, of Grant, Castle Grant, Grant Town!! but in all this ultramontane dignity there was no rusticity, no barbarity : all was love and loyalty, suavity and hospitality.

In the course of the two last wars this house brought into the field some thousand men of the clan, as a line regiment (the 97th,) militia, and nu-

merous volunteers. The title of earl is vested in the family, as well as the baronetcy ; and more than one of the family and clan sit in the House of Commons, so that they furnish good and loyal men in the cabinet and in the field. But, in the former, what a falling off ! The colonel is one of the yea and nay gentry--of the monosyllable members ; in fine, one of the parliamentary mutes, who, like the attendants at a funeral, sadly and gloomily represent merely the thing which they outwardly perform.

Nor is this the case with the colonel only : it is so with almost every Scotch member : the union has turned them into cyphers ; or if they venture to

speaking, they are lost by expatiation. Charley H—, the hope of the hopes, the hopeful ————— of the North, was a hope without an anchor at St. Stephen's chapel: he was roughly handled without a defence, and lost in the fog of his native country, without even at the same time being *mist*. Poor Sir Alexander Macdonald Lockhart, and honest Jack Campbel, hospitable, comely, good fellows, were lost in the crowd in the house: though men of great weight and corpulence out of it, they were positively nobody in the senate. Old Kilbucky too, whose consumption of spirits would kill the devil, who was of the immortal twa and forty second highlanders, had not the spirit of a flea in parliament. His spirits of wine

availed him not, nor could even brandy save him : he was extinct, dead as evaporated perry, long before his mortal demise : he was absolutely a dead letter every where except upon a frank. Then again my Lord A——'s son, whose father ought to have been a judge of speakers, why he is a judge of nothing, a mere nonentity. Mr. Hon—m—n, might be Mr. Sugarstick, for the good he does in the house : he is looked upon as a mere Orkney goose, although his papa ratted to gain favor, and did every thing he could to make himself agreeable. How the small passage of the Tweed, and that on foot perhaps, can tongue-tie and obnubilate the Scots is wonderful ! But we leave it to abler heads to decide the cause, and shall

content ourselves with observing the effect.

N. B. We think it unnecessary to state that Sir Alexander Lockhart and Colonel Campbel are dead : since they never showed signs of life in parliament.

G—— I——.

It is impossible to visit Edinburgh without meeting in every corner, and in every direction, except at church, this elderly stiff plant of lowland Scottish growth.

In the streets you have him as stiff

as a pike-staff; at the bank as acute as a razor; at the concerts and other public places starched like buckram in the form of a director; in public institutions at full length again in the ostentatious appearance of a manager; at the races in an ill-appointed vehicle and four; at country meetings in the long semblage of a steward; in the country as a rigid proprietor; in town as a great holder of capital; in the Canongate as the father of a large illegitimate family of plain daughters, ostentatiously also paraded about with carriage and livery, but denied his name, and kept in the dark as to their expectances; in the square as a great man in his own conceit; at mother ——'s, of accommodating fame, as an aged debauchee;

at home as a great miser ; and abroad as nobody.

This is the faithful picture of this large capitalist, who, by churlishly worshipping himself, may be truly said to pay homage to the golden calf: for what is his religion? money: what is his consequence? money: what is his amusement? money: what is all his care? money—money, money, money, to the end of the chapter. This ingredient, and it alone, has raised Mr. I—— to the summit of Edinburgh importance.

Without him nothing is done ; without his signature nothing can appear ; without his high and honored person no public assembly can be filled. Yet

he is grave and steady without wisdom, solemn and authoritative without dignity, tall without greatness, a libertine without passion, a circulator of money without generosity, and an experienced man without erudition ; a subscriber to institutions without charity, and a supporter of government without patriotism or political talent ; cold, cautious, and repulsive in his manners, arrogant with his inferiors in point of wealth, and fawning to the high titles of his country—such is Mr. G. I. and he cannot be mistaken for any other man.

MR. C——L, A WEST INDIAN.

Like a number of his countrymen, Mr. C. has spent the early part of his life in the West Indies, and has extracted from rum punchreons and hogshheads of sugar sufficient gold to return home wealthy, to set up his carriage, to marry his daughter to a honorable, and to have a large fortune to dispose of at his demise. Mr. C. has also thought, like many of his countrymen, that money will purchase every thing; and deriving consequence from the possession thereof, has set up, not a shop, but set himself up for a fine gentleman, giving himself importance and consequence, and talking of his *narves* and other vulgarities, which always break

out through the varnished gentleman, just as the yellow coarse clay does through the plaster of Paris of a gross ill-finished statue or bust of those materials.

We have seen coopers, tanners, tailors, and contractors, carcass-merchants, and negro-drivers, returning about forty or fifty years old to Edinburgh, and elsewhere in the north, with such features, and habits, such figures in speech, and such figures of fun, that when placed under a peruke of Mr. Urquhart's manufacturing, and forced into hyper fashionable clothes, with a gross of seals pendant from their watch, and a cocked hat stuck under their arm like the gizzard of a goose, make the most

ridiculous nondescripts that ever cut a figure in a drawing-room, or engrossed public attention at an auction or a theatre.

Such airs, such nicknaming the creation; such finished and genuine vulgarity, such bales of cotton, such sugar canes, such rum gentry; and their wives, more vorser, and more vorser by gar! as old Handel said to a certain great personage, when taking a lesson of music. These gentlemen and ladies do not reflect that early habits are insurmountable; and that although reading at a late period of life may give information, yet the polish acquired by accomplishments, *usage du monde*, and constant habits of good company,

cannot be gained after a certain period; and the bent twig will in time become an unseemly deformed stick.

These characters often meet with rebuffs. One who was boasting of his horses, and praising his driving, was told by a buck to whom he addressed himself, "I dare say, Mr. ———, that you are quite *au fait*, for I was told that you were the first whip in the Island of Jamaica.—What colour is your turn-out? black I presume." Another antigonian, who was very importunate to a young lady at Cheltenham, from whom he used to receive many sharp hits, told her that he began to be seriously angry at her conduct, and asked her why she was always giving him

such hard rubs. "In the hope," replied the lady, "that I may polish you in time."

Mr. C. would do well to take this hint. By only acting the plain man, he would pass unobserved, whilst *madame son epouse* will never be taken for any thing higher than the keeper of the Sun Fire-office, or the landlady of the Red-lion at Wapping, come on a tour to the north.

CHAPTER V.

When did ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those which sparkled here ?

MOORE.



~~There~~ never was a greater assemblage of beauty and fashion of late years in Edinburgh as at Lord Ossian's party. Added to the Scottish resident nobility, and the army stationed in and about the Caledonian metropolis, there were many strangers---there were the beauties of Albion, and of green Erin, as well as those of Scotia. Of the ladies it may be sufficient to say

that they were fair and attractive, fond of the mazy dance and of adoration: The men, however, with one or two exceptions, must expect ample notice; and here is the true list, names, and colours.

THE HONORABLE C——— H———

This is another severe lawyer, who has also a frown “dark as Erebus,” and who, on the opposite side of the question, faithfully serves government, but looks upon the bench so grim, so authoritative, and so stern, that one might take him for the dictator of a tyrannical

state much sooner than for the equal dispenser of mild laws in a free and happy nation.

Off the bench his lordship bestrides the pavement with head erect, as if there were not in his country another upright man but himself, or as if amongst all the many hopes of Scotland he alone held the anchor which was to bring up her bark in the storms of perilous seas, and to be her stay in the hour of danger. Forbid it heaven! Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus illis tempus egit. Then again, he so majestically commands a corps of volunteers, that one might imagine he were heading and drilling a body of conscripts or a legion of slaves.

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His air is high, dry, and shy, haughty and unaccommodating, grave and austere. He has a very fine sonorous voice; but he uses it so unamiably, and so consciously of its excellence, that it loses its best quality, namely, harmonious suavity.

In the senate-house of Great Britain his lordship met with a signal humiliation; but, with the pliancy of his country, he has arisen again as stubborn in appearance, and as erect as ever.

Charles H— is an honorable, moral man, who practises virtue, but who does it in such guise, that a flippant accommodating Frenchman would be

very apt to say, on seeing him, “ *J’aime mieux un vice commode, qu’une vertu fatigante.*” He is strictly a good man; but he has the misfortune to think himself a great man, and this is a misfortune to himself, and to all those who either look up to him for protection, or to those who look down upon pride and severity of principle wherever they may find them.

COLONEL M‘L’

This is a *ci-devant, soi-disant* colonel, who sprung up like a mushroom in a day, without previous culture—whose soil was very ill suited to the laurel—whose growth lasted, without

improvement, for three years — who never drew a sword any where but on parade, nor beat any thing beyond his wife or a cat, yet who is, in his declension, as proud and as much the colonel as ever. In his youth he acquired the unsoldier-like name of Missy; and, in his riper years, his intimates used to call him Mother M'L——. He was a dead hand at making apologies, and an active foot at dancing a reel.

The colonel procured his regiment by hoaxing the good king, and by making him believe that he was head of a clan, whereas he was much more like the head of a rum puncheon, that being the source from which he drew all his

consequence, and the most spirited thing about him. As for the clan, it might have run in his head, but his head never stood before the clan. Another bare-faced (we were going to say, but that is not the term) trick of his, was his coming to court without breeches; but some people think that the object was to flatter the Princess Charlotte (then a child) by shewing his respect for petticoat government.

All this, however, succeeded: he got his corps, and the regiment got his *corps*; and a great object it was to the army. The colonel then, "dressed in a little brief authority," fumed and strutted out his hour, gave balls to lords-

licutenants, and reviews to ladies, and his own shrub and coffee to the gentlemen; and thus he got thrust into a man of importance and fashion, whose going out and coming in, whose rising and whose setting were chronicled by hired newspaper-writers for many years.

After having got into the newspaper, he got into

		*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

He next got into prison, or at least on parole in France; but (luckily for the country) got safe home again; and where he will get next it is difficult to guess.

Strange it would appear to a thinking man that all these monkey tricks and devices should have obtained any de-

gree of credit (beyond tradesmen's books), or have given an individual any weight (beyond that of a fat carcase) in society ; yet so it is, notoriety creates a kind of fashion, fashion produces envy, envy engenders spurious importance, spurious importance draws sycophants and followers ; and for all these insufficient reasons a presumptuous man is noticed, visited, talked of, and frequently preferred to more worthy, but more modest and retired objects.

But for the regiment, and the bare-bottomed display, and for the balls, (not bullets), and the story of the clan, and the —, and the migration, and the happy return—but for these, this

individual might have been driving his negroes, or overlooking his sugar in the West Indies, clad in a white jacket, and a hat like a parasol, unknowing and unknown.

MR. GRIND'EM OF ———.

This individual tarnishes the name of a highlander by being a professed Greek, and by perverting the sacred title (so eminent in the Highlands) of hospitality, to selfish and interested purposes. How many have had to repent the friendly visit, when either cards or dice were introduced, and they were made to pay dear for their entertain-

ment! How might the late simple Sir John J—— rue the day on which he became acquainted with this pigeon-fancier! A certain fat marquis too will not forget humbug whist, nor the games which he and Grind'em have played together.

Descended from a long race of ancient and illustrious mountaineers, this dingy-hided Greek represents his family in nothing but the ferocity of unpolished times, and in the inheritance of pride. Succeeding to extensive and valuable property, his disorder and extravagance has encumbered it all; and yet, in his career, he has been as money-loving as any one, and had as much pleasure in winning money from

his bookseller, or his tradesmen of any description, as from the first peer in the land.

Retired, as it were, in his den, and looked upon shily by many, he is at present the gloomy representation of altered fortune and declining fame : yet such is the selfishness of his nature, that when a guest is not to be turned to the account which he proposed, from claret he will treat him with port ; from an apparent hearty welcome he will discover dryness and impatience ; and finally violate the sacred laws of politeness to get rid of him.

The late Mr. F: a certain baronet's brother, and Grind'em, passed once

for game fellows ; but if that title be applicable to them now, it must be black game ; and we sincerely hope to see no more game of their kind in old “ Caledonia, stern and wild,” for the honor of that country, and for the benefit of posterity.

MISS EUPHEMIA PATAGONIAN.

This is a spinster of six feet and a half high, bold and gentlemanlike in proportion, with a most virile voice and an imposing air. She nevertheless touches the lute, sings agreeably, and has a good deal of wild uncultivated wit. She is related to him who was

the literary jackall to the scientific lion, or bear if you please. The descendant of this flatterer is as eccentric as ever the doctor could be.

She once skated, and experienced a reverse of fortune by falling on the ice ; and, to shew how hard it is to please a scandalous and censorious public, she was first scouted for venturing on the ice in female attire, where a *faux pas* might endanger the delicacy of her sex ; and yet, when picked up, and found quite decent and *comme il faut*, she was still more abused for wearing the breeches.

For what purpose she knows best, most probably with the view of raising

a report, she at one time carried pistols in her pocket ; but she did not use them against the fire-worker, whose *feu d'artifice* amused her in her lonely hours. This is said without any view of detracting from her character as a modest woman : nothing feminine ever existing about her, she was of course free from female weakness.

She has however her foibles ; and through the tempora nubila of altered fortune, through the haze of departed sunshine, through the unkindness of relations, and the ingratitude of quondam friends, as Morris says,

“ The bottle affords her a glimpse through the gloom ; ”

and to it she applies as to her only remaining friend.

She once dreamed of being a duchess, and of captivating old Q. ; but old Q. never dreamed of her ; and it was like the Irish way of being half married ; that is to say, she had got her own consent.

Independently of her feeling of good fellowship, she foolishly associated with and assisted the infamous Mrs. M. which made her best friends cut her.

LORD ORGAN.

From the name of this peer a stranger might imagine that he was the support of the church, or a prop to religion; but *le nom n'y fait rien*; although he has also an organ, the fame of which has swelled the ample page, and which might be worthy of a cathedral, or of a metropolitan church. But the fact is, that his lordship is famous for nothing but for his organ; and even that does not recommend him either to his lady, or to the ladies in general, since the instrument has not been found to produce harmony. On the contrary, it has been found always out of tune at home; and there is not

a domestic accord in its whole composition.

My lord and his lady are separated ; and he is now ever and anon before the courts of law on account of his miserable parsimony, in wishing to give her as small an allowance as possible. This is most unhandsome ; for although his lordship can raise the wind *par le moyen de son instrument*, my lady cannot be expected to draw wind bills for her support, nor to rough it, blow high blow low, as a man could.

Pride and penury have more than once combined in the northern peerage. Where it is merely honest family pride and poverty, virtue and nobility may

sanctify it ; but where it is a compound of ostentation, haughtiness, and avarice, it merits not the same attention. Lord Organ certainly behaves ill to his lady in particular, and merits the exposure which he thus draws on himself, and deserves to be a little played upon in his turn.

The quarter from whence his lordship's title comes is famous for geese (nothing personal is meant by this remark.) It is well known that geese once saved the capitol ; and why, therefore, should not a goose save his capital. This pun may be hissed ; but the peer is still more like to be so, for his unhandsome procedure, *contre madame, son epouse.*

BISHOP PERFECT.

A bishop is not often seen in Edinburgh; and then he must be travelling through, as an Irish bishop has done of late, who was considered by Sawney as by far too liberal a man. He had neither a demure countenance, nor a quizzical appearance, and he dressed like a gentleman; and a' that was wrang: it was far from orthodox, in Sawney's opinion.

Edinburgh is so anti-episcopal, that even the two resident semblances of bishops would probably never be suffered to take root in the land of thistles if they were entire bishops; but

being only each of them an episcopus in partibus, they are tolerated. The one, Bishop S——, represents the established church of England ; the other, Bishop Perfect, personates the head of the catholic church in Scotland.

Bishop Perfect is not a visitor at routs ; but as Lord Ossian is considered as his catholic lordship, so may the bishop be considered as his most christian lordship ; and these two titles ought to go together. In the two instances exemplified they are fully merited. The bishop may accordingly be met at Lord Ossian's, at Lord Urbane's, and at the houses of a few other literati and scientific persons in Edinburgh.

There is a great difference betwixt Bishop S—— and Bishop Perfect; although neither of them are beauties; but, on the contrary, the former downright ugly, and the latter very plain; yet the one is repulsive ugliness, whilst the other is amiable plainness. Their views are (without a pun, for the bishop squints) very different: ambition and interest are in the views of the former; simplicity and zeal in those of the latter: the one looks more ways than one: for instance, for pupils, with a very high allowance for them, for honors, emoluments, et cetera; the other looks straight forward to the interests of his religion only, and to rendering it amiable, exemplary, easy, and respectable.

Bishop Perfect, although only an episcopus in partibus, has more parts than often appear at a synod, or at a whole conclave of the clergy ; and whilst his brother bishop is dogmatical, didactic, solemn, sad, and scholastic, he is mild, unaffected, cheerful, and gentlemanlike ; and although his person be coarse, and his features rugged, there is a beauty of holiness, which exalts him, and a highly finished polish of manners, which fits him for any court in Europe ; nay, there is in him even such a vivacity of expression, accompanied by politeness, and the beams emanating from a good heart, which so play over and enlighten his countenance and his smile, that you might fancy him handsome whilst conversing

with him. No man ever could have been better chosen to accommodate his religion to a country inimical to it than the bishop is.

Besides these qualities, he is a man of science, and of deep reading ; which, however, has never disfigured him into a book-worm, nor unfitted him for society, nor fettered him with a monastic air. It is, however, to be regretted that he is not a better preacher ; whereas his ugly brother bishop can deliver a discourse well enough. Bishop Perfect has adopted a familiar style to his poor congregation, which has denuded his sermons of all the gracefulness of oratory : so much is he afraid of being pedantical, or unintelligible to the mean-

est capacity. . In a word, he is a *rara avis*, being a bishop without a bishopric, a Scotchman without a national prejudice, a zealot without bigotry, a man of learning without pedantry, and a roman catholic without prejudice, religious, political, or in any possible shape.

MRS. GENERAL RAMBLE.

This lady had the misfortune (if she thought it so) to lose her husband in a duel, fought on her account. Her servant had an affray with a well-known fighting-man, since outlawed, about bringing up her chair; and blows were

both given and received ; Mr. M. the duellist first striking the footman. In consequence, an application was made by Mr. M. to Sir George (Mrs. Ramble's then husband) to turn away his servant, which he declined doing ; and the alternative was offered him to fight Mr. M. which he accepted, and was shot, Mr. M. being an incomparable marksman. Party run very high at the time. Sir George was a very mild, amiable man, a good and indulgent husband, and a very popular character in Edinburgh ; whilst Mr. M. was very haughty, hot, and susceptible, and extremely unpopular ; so much so, that he would certainly have suffered the sentence of the law had he remained.

Lady R. now Mrs. General Ramble, did not long wear her weeds : she married the general, whose name she took, dropping that of her poor dear first husband (a term so common and so little felt by widows). For what reason she pursued this plan is not known : at all events it is not common with baronets' widows ; but *n'importe*, perhaps it was from exquisite sensibility, that she could not bear a name which had been so dear to her, yet so unfortunate on her account.

The general was not quite so tame, so mild, and so indulgent as the baronet ; and he and Mrs. Ramble parted by mutual consent. Temper was assigned as the reason ; whilst the Fama

Clamosa Edinensis stated mutual reproach to be the cause.

The fair Eleonora now formed an attachment (a platonic one of course) for the Earl of L. whose personal attractions are few, unless huge grey whiskers, resembling a veteran water rat, be deemed such, and whose mind is warped in a most unamiable mould :—proud, yet a republican ; licentious, yet harsh ; rigid, and severe of principle.

Besides this *penchant*, she testified great regard and philanthropy for the Marquis of ———, a Scoto-Neapolitan, or a Neapolitan-Scot, a man of illustrious Scottish birth, but soft, enervated, Italian habit, taste, style, and educa-

tion ; whose person, but for his sickly composure, would be beautiful ; and whose temper, but for his pride, would be amiable.

What blushing honors may be attached to Mrs. R. we know not ; but she has a rubicund complexion, which spoils a pretty face, and gives an air of age to declining attractions, which is to be regretted : Mrs. Ramble has, however, one pre-eminence over most of her countrywomen ; if she has not the finest understanding in the world, she certainly has the finest ankle, which she well knows, and so do the admiring beaux who follow her steps wherever she goes.

Mrs. Ramble is now verging on the close of her autumn. Her bloom, except the flush of her face, is fading; but she is still considered by those who know her well as a mighty good-natured woman.

SIR D. H. BANCO, BART.

Sir David is a complete Edinburgh exquisite; and he is one amongst few, for this class is scarcely known there. Local habits, local prejudice, local education, and the constant din of the vernacular accent in a man's ears spoils a gentleman dreadfully.

The ruin of Edinburgh is locality. The littleness of a village in a very fine capital, the influence of friends, i. e. relations, who are often no friends at all, family connexions, family politics, family religion, family interest, shackle an Edinburgh man's mind and actions, nay, even circumscribe his talents, and narrow his enjoyments. These localities clog every where the main spring of freedom of thought, of conscience, of political opinion, et cetera. Compromises are constantly making with honor and justice to accommodate this narrow-hearted and confined-headed feeling.

No one knew or deprecated this more than the late great and immortal Henry

Erskine. It is to be found in the church, at the bar, in the cabinet, and every where but in the field, for there is the Scot pre-eminent. Men's vices and virtues are by this feeling modelled upon a very middling scale. Indeed, a high scale of talent is put down, if it possess eccentricity, or militate against a dowager hereditary professor, against the crafty toon cooncil, or the high kirk of Scotland. It is always what would the professor say ? or what would the minister (the parson) think ? Will my lord such-a-one be pleased ? or my cusin the baron (some exchequer or law-lord) ? or I must vote wi Lord Melville for getting my uncle his place ; or I must ask my aunt Lady Betty, or Sir William F——, the whiskey

vender ; or I maun consult my sixteenth cousin Sir Robert. All these are the preliminary reflections before an Edinburgh man speaks or acts, and his virtues or vices, or rather the appearance of them, depend entirely on his friends.

Sir David is shackled with all this. Moreover, he has a complete Edinburgh *ton*, although a travelled man ; and a banking-house elegance, although for a long time a militia *militaire*. He has a pretty taste for music, and plays like a gentleman on the violoncello ; but his *mauvaise honte* prevents him from making the most of these talents ; and he can speak German, and talk of his travels, but the shackles of Edinburgh

entirely take from him the air of a courtly or of a travelled man.

Two or three times he made an offer at being a man of gallantry ; but *mauvaise honte*, and the awkwardness of a novice, rendered him both unfortunate and ridiculous. The gallant Mrs. H——e looked partially on him, whilst he looked—— Moore shall tell how :

But Laura was not of this fanciful school,
And she laughed at her poor modest knight,
When he thought her a goddess she thought him
a fool,
And I'm sure she was most in the right.

He next made a *faux pas* with an apothecary's rib in country quarters, and had a pretty round sum to pay in order to appease Mr. Ollapod, his landlord.

His next smiles were cast on a vestal ;
and very proud he was of the conquest ;
but unfortunately Hermes succeeded
to Venus, and he had more chymicals
and galenicals to pay for in this adventure
than even for *le pôt cassè* at the
apothecary's shop, in country quarters.

The baronet's father was a banker ;
and his son is rich but penurious.
Here the mercantile spirit keeps down
all his soarings at quality consequence,
and casts the local fetters over what
otherwise would be an elegant man,
and a good fellow. He is now become
a benedict, and is as decent and discreet
as the high kirk, the *toon cooncil*, and
his rich friends and advisers, could possibly wish.

BRUNO, THE AMERICAN.

This little gentleman is as well known by the name of the American in Edinburgh as the horse is known at Charing Cross ; and perhaps he is nearly as intellectual a being. He did not come to Edinburgh with the view of improving his mind as some young men do, but merely with the idea of improving his taste ; and certainly there he made a mistake, for he might as well have come there to learn the language, as with the view of getting the finished polish which high life and elegant society offer.

Indeed, the young gentlemen of the United States are formed of materials which do not easily take a polish. The vulgarity of non-existing independence, (for it cannot exist in polished life, where all is prepossession) preventing another's wants, yielding to another's comforts and interests, giving up place and pre-eminence the better to deserve it, being indulgent to other's failings, and candid about one's own, et cetera, the awkward assumption of the importance of a petty power, the uncouthness of red hot rank republicanism, the jealous enmity towards more civilized Britain, local barbarity, equality incompatible with politeness, and frequently the worthless vanity of scepticism and of incredulity, are all strongly

against ornamenting the mind and body, nay often counter to pure humanization.

Warped a little (not so much as most of his countrymen) by these prejudices, Mr. Bruno is not the gentleman, although he be a man of fortune, and rather a good fellow ; and although he sports good horses, a beautiful dog, an in-folio handsome mistress, and changes his fashions in dress every month, giving dinners, and appearing at all places of fashionable resort, yet he would neither be counted in the fashionable classes of the exquisite, the ruffian, or the useful man in high circles in London.

Indeed, Edinburgh has never produced one genuine sample of the two first classes. The ruffian there is an ultra ruffian; and the would-be exquisite is a *petit maitre manqué*. For instance, Mr. H——lt——n, the writer to the signet, would be an exquisite, and he is not a bit like it, but a shambling thread paper piece of parlor (not drawing-room) furniture. Then there is George Bosco the surgeon, with two farthing candles by way of legs, on which he courageously trusts his body in ladies' bed rooms: he, too, would be a medical exquisite; whilst he is just like an ill made-up drug, which turns the stomach instead of captivating the heart. All is pretence, affectation, awkwardness,

finery, and misconception, with these beaux.

Mr. Bruno rather affects the London ruffian, without size, boldness, fashionable slang, or any one quality necessary for that stylish, but disreputable character. Besides, before ever Mr. Bruno attempts to shine in polished circles, he must leave off the yankey twang, the Edinburgh walk, and cease to attend the *at Homes* of a haberdasher's wife, whose husband hangs out at the Fleece, or the Wool-pack in the High Street of Edinburgh, or to saunter about with fat Mrs. Balladine. Her worthless Jew-looking husband deserves no pity; but though these confusions

of persons and things may do in the United States, where citizen so-and-so is a colonel and a publican, where the general stands behind his counter, the right honorable member of congress cards his own wool or cotton, and the governor gives his orders in magazine or show room, yet such heterogeneous confusions and mixtures never will do in more polished Europe; and the first step towards polish which Mr. Bruno and his countrymen have to take, is casting the dust of their country from their shoes, and dropping licentious equality, and stubborn mobocracy, until they return again to their penates.

CAPTAIN MAC EUPHONY.

This is a strange *melange* and contrast of extremes and discordant elements, notwithstanding kindly blended and softly harmonized together, a pineapple grafted on a potatoe, a religious reprobate, a wise mass of frivolity, an elderly boy, and an immoral philanthropist, the terror of all husbands, the pride of prostitutes, and the pearl of good fellows. The bold captain will moralize by the hour, weep over any man or woman's distress, protect any man's mistress, maintain any man's wife (but his own), give his last shilling to the poor, then set up all night,

get drunk for twenty-four hours, and afterwards walk and pray it all off.

Had he not been gifted with a wonderful constitution, and had he not had bell-metal lungs, he never could have lived with all the town of Edinburgh—ruined half a dozen wine merchants and grocers by his consumption—sung at the festive board from eight in an evening till eight the next morning—then traversed the streets, nodding to cyprians, bowing to fashionables, giving to beggars, and shaking

* He and the facetious Tom Sheridan were great companions and friends; and they run their constitutions against each other; but the captain's Irish bottom prevailed at last.

hands with his numerous creditors, who think him so good a fellow, that they still tick him on — and tumbling into his own or perhaps a neighbour's bed for a couple of hours, and then started as fresh again as ever.

A certain lady, a *chère amie* of his (was it Mrs. T——, a captain's wife? or Mrs. E——, the colonel's wife? or Major M——'s late daughter? or Lady L——, the loose widow? or the chaste Mrs. P——?) calls him the amiable weathercock, *motivé sur ce que*, and says that he has no fixed principles, opinions, income, or pursuits; that he is all to all—suavity, urbanity, douceur, amenity, smile, joke, pun, coincidence with every one, ac-

ommodating his language, (for he speaks all European ones) his discourse, his morality, his politics, all but his religion, to every body, and particularly to the last comer.

In religion, however, he is as bigotted as a monk, as zealous as a novice, as prostrate and servile as a Spaniard, yet as full of affectation as a fine lady. For the captain, in spite of bald head, well disguised with false hair, bow-window brought on by Bacchus, fading attractions sacrificed to Venus, and the unwelcome arrival of declining autumn, eats, drinks, walks, prays, and perhaps sleeps by his looking-glass. He would not be caught in an inelegant attitude for the world. All is studied ;

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nay, even on a bed of sickness will he receive his physician with the most reasoned courtliness. His vanity is to have a proud yet amiable deportment, a dignified ease, a travelled manner, a statue imitated attitude; all is painting, sculpture, stage effect, and artificial about him; and yet Anacreon himself never unbent more over the flowing bowl.

These facilities, more than intrinsic worth, made him agreeable to society, and opened every door, and every heart to him; so that at one time not a party could be made without the gay captain.

He is now gone to Vienna; but

quantum mutatus ab illo ! Is this the gallant gay Lothario ? His face has assumed the front of a veteran ; his unusually large whiskers are united to huge mustachios ; and he is either teaching languages, or writing his tour, supported by a noble patron, and patronizing a less noble lady.

It is the fashion to consider this oddity as a prototype of good breeding, and as an excellent fellow ; but a sage or philosopher, a moralist or a married man, would deem him a dangerous companion ; or at best only one of those who are

“ *Fruges consumere nati.* ”

ALEXANDER AMBULATOR.

This gentleman ought to have been named amongst professors and professional men, for he is a great professor; but, as he appeared with his friend Captain M'Euphony, we shall take him as a man of the world. The man in himself is possessed of genius; and if he prided himself on that, he would be bearable; but he happens to pique himself precisely on what he does not possess. His family and his figure are the objects of his pride. The former consists of a naval officer for a grandfather, of no higher rank than a lieutenant; a Fifeshire laird for a maternal grandfather; and a poor placeman

for a father. Yet is he as tumid upon
this score as if he could say,

Nam mihi Laertes pater est, Aratus illi, Jupi-
tex huic.

OVID.

His figure, which is military and
highland like, and which, doubtless,
he takes for a pure model of Roderick
vich Alpin Dubh, is as rugged as an
unhewn stone, as stiff as a drill serjeant,
and as proud as a peacock. His moti-
ons are fierce, unpolished, and abrupt ;
his voice sonorous and not unsuave.
You never see him, like his conceited
friend Mac Euphony, with his arms ab-
tusely and studiedly bent, leaning
forward on the angle of affected per-
suasion : his limbs move as if you

pulled a string; and paf——up they go. He once got his pretty person into the exposition, the Exhibition we should have said, clad in the old Roman costume, the head a *la brutus*, and a mantle thrown across his shoulders, leaving his bull-like muscular neck open. He was stuck next to a Mr. T—r---y, a player, in like costume, and who had not either any pretensions to beauty. Twa auld wives, on beholding these gentlemen, thus colloquized. “Hech! Janet, ken ye wha yon twa ill-looking chields may be?” “Troth, I dinna ken (answered Janet); but the rough lookin ane (Ambulator) maun be a robber, I fancy; and the tither, a thief!”

His vanity and his inconstancy are coeval and commensurate. Destined for the church, irreligion doubtless prevented him from studying divinity; educated afterwards for the military profession, republicanism stopped him in that career; and after studying medicine and surgery, caprice and indolence led him from that pursuit: in a word, he considers the practice of all these professions as beneath his self-created dignity. Full of peculiar, eccentric, and licentious opinions, but possessed of "the gift o' the gab," he set out as public lecturer, and had the presumption to lecture on almost every subject of science: nay, he wrote a work, which, whilst it certainly testified general knowledge, had the modesty

to insinuate, that all the world was in scientific error, save only, and only except, Alexander Ambulator, Armiger et Philosophus !

His irreligion is abominable : none, forsooth, suiting the wildness and ardor of his fancy but the heathen mythology, which he calls nature adorned by the finest imagination : the gods and goddesses typify (he asserts) physical truths, and moral principles. Plaudite, O piones ! what rant ! and, in short, Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, are still in his eye worthy of his adoration. The latter, we make no doubt, claims the most fervent devotions of him and his friend, who, by the bye, is no unbeliever like this

man. In fine, he considers all religion, we are assured, as made for the vulgar, as a circle drawn by a magician's wand, to frighten the mob from stepping beyond it to commit crimes ; whilst reason alone, forsooth, should teach morals to the philosopher !

His principles became so deservedly odious in Edinburgh, that they do not allow him even the talent which he possesses ; and the old women, and particularly Misses M. of G. used to run past his house at — Park as if the devil inhabited it ; considering it of course as the abode of impiety, disaffection, and dead bodies, which he was ever and anon purchasing from human carcase mongers, and dissecting

in all corners of his immoral temple and theatre, where arts, sciences, brains, skulls, political pamphlets, and philosophical tracts, danced the maze of confusion together in his library.

His scientific opinions, as has already been shown, are as insolent and extravagant as his religious ones ; and he affects to knock down the system of Berkeley, Hume, Newton, and the greatest men in their different departments ; and all, forsooth, because he can lecture a little extempore on puzzling subjects, and because the punning M'Euphony, whom this strange Roderic Dubh considers as a second Chesterfield, calls him a walking magazine of science ! Euge ! Indeed,

no one can tell to whom he allows merit, save only to his friends Chesterfield the second, to G—dw—n, another sceptic of the same class, to B. De C——, the French revolutionist; and to Doctor S——, of cranio-logical memory! What an honor to them! oh! and, by the bye—to Lord Urbane, whom he affects to venerate. Quere, has he the organ of veneration, or that of destruction the most strongly pronounced?

A pretty good idea of his presumption may be collected from a remark made by him at the British Museum: a bust being shown him, which was called that of Sir Joseph Banks, sculptured by Lady Caroline Damer, he spirit-

edly replied, "Aye, aye, that is the bust of one old woman sculptured by another."

To conclude, he at an early period of life married a woman whose ignorance, and violence of temper, disgraced him. This was about the period when he was going to march off with knapsack and musket on his shoulder, to join the French republican armies. What a pity that his friends stopped him! His excuse for his choice in a wife was the beauty of her anatomical structure!. We are told that she in due time divorced him, since which, we have heard, he has married a very amiable woman, who, if she have a spark of common sense,

and be not as eccentric as himself, he must render most eminently miserable.

It was a ridiculous circumstance enough, that at Lord Ossian's party, having come in a coat in which he had been anatomizing, he was *winded* by some beaux, and he had vanity enough to swear that he would never more embark in so offensive a concern, but live upon intellect the rest of his days. Perhaps Maister Fyfe, the cutter-up, may live upon fœtid anatomy just as well, and just as long; but doubtless M'Euphony advised him to cut every thing that smelt of the shop, come from where it may—above or below ground.

PROFESSOR CANDID.

This is the most urbane professor of our university,—one who does not go with a long beard and lank hair, a sexaginaire wig, a triangular beaver, a double-barrelled head-dress. with a cut and thrust tail, nor with black worsted stockings, or velvet bréeches; with a suit of clothes of the fashion and cut of the year one, nor even with a shower of snuff down his waistcoat, nor a huge pair of spectacles on his nose.

You will always see this professor in the first society, deeming the philosopher not inconsistent with the gentle-

man, nor study incompatible with the manners of the world, and the ton of polished circles. There is nothing dignified in his appearance; but something very pleasing in his manners. He apes the other professors in nothing, and is wholly unencumbered with

“ The lumber of the lying schools,

“ And syllogistic reason ; ”

neither is he like the heridray chairman,

Qui balnea vetat;—HORAT.

and is stronger in his odour than in his reasoning.

Professor Candid is the only professor who sports an opera hat ! which greatly scandaleezes his brethren of the

black stuff gown; for in one sense there is a great deal in the hat, and in another very little. He is extremely beloved by his pupils, because he is not dogmatical, nor old-womanish, nor wedded to prejudice, nor given to trick and to humbug. He differs most widely from his brother, who, from preferring law to gospel, and worldly interest to philosophical research, vegetates in contempt, and is called Mr. Playfoul, in contra-distinction to the name of Candid, so well bestowed on the professor; who, in few words, is a savant, a gentleman, and, what is more useful than all, a perfectly honest man.

ARTHUR PONDER.

This gentleman springs from a very illustrious race; and, to use Ovid's words, has "*deus in utrumque parentem*," or rather (which is all that is meant in Ovid) nobility by father and mother: the attained peerage of each bespeaks the original lustre of their birth. Religious and political principles are now, thank heaven! left to every man's conscience. Arthur Ponder was intended for the Romish church, and was educated accordingly; but having nothing monkish about him but his look, he did not embark in the ecclesiastical profession. The few honors and emoluments, however, which were open

to one of his persuasion induced him to cultivate his mind, and to live in retirement as a private gentleman, taking occasionally a pupil or two, and travelling with one or two noblemen in the course of his life.

The gentleness of his disposition, the leisure given for study, the fertility of his mind, added to the long and industrious culture thereof, retired habits from an incipient clerical education, great modesty, observation and reflection, have given Mr. Ponder a great pre-eminence over most men. Wedded to no profession, schooled in no mercantile or other tricks, depending upon mind only for support, and only on that for an enlargement of in-

come, having an annuity besides: his society is uncommonly attractive, his opinion extremely dispassionate and cool, his friendship valuable to a very high degree.

In classics, in science, in languages, in history, in travels, and, above all, in a knowledge of what becomes the mild unassuming man of family—what is calculated to recommend the perfect gentleman to notice, Mr. Ponder's acquirements are of the first eminence:—without however being showy, loud, sententious, or decisive, but on the contrary rather too retiring in deportment, too monastic in appearance for a man of the world, and often too silent for the benefit of those who are

around him. But if a prince or a private gentleman were to look for a model of an instructor and a friend, with whom to travel over the whole habitable globe, he could find none to surpass, and very few indeed to equal the amiable and intelligent Mr. Ponder.

CHAPTER VI.

Hudibrastic Reflection.—No Duel.—Lord and Lady Urbane—Her Ladyship is Master and Mistress.—Curtain Lecture.—*Ruse de Guerre* worth knowing to a Husband.—Lord Stone's Visit to Miss S——.—Mysterious Quarrel.—Visit to St. Cecilia's Hall.—A *Coup de Maître* of Miss S——.—Trip to Gretna Green.—Frederic Wildbore again—Description of Boarding Houses in Edinburgh.—Sad Disaster.—Separation of Two Lovers.—Frederic's Flight, and Manœuvring *à la Frederic le Grand*.

CHAPTER VI.

The man that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day ;
Whilst he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again.

HUDIBRAS.



So thought Lord Stone, for he had had horrid dreams ; yet honor, love, a title, must be supported, and he therefore made up his mind to exchange a shot a-piece with these presuming strangers. Lord Urbane slept gayly : he came of a good breed for fighting : some of Charlie Stuart's blood flowed in his veins, and there was not one

cowardly drop in a hogshead of this fluid. Her ladyship, however, had heard more than she liked on the subject, and began to repent having invited Miss S—to be an inmate in their house in town, and to accompany them to the Abbey, their country seat. She began to think that it was dangerous to have a lady under her roof who was the occasion of duels; and indeed she began to be envious of her engrossing so much respect, attention, and flattery. She thought at the same time that her lord was too civil by half to her; and that he might as well not be always lauding her, and writing pretty little things about her, and promenading his whole time away with her. She herself had been a great

admirer of her; but her admiration was decreasing daily; she was glad to find her not all perfection; but she pretended to be sorry for it. She reflected how dangerous it was for my lord to take up her cause so warmly as he had done the preceding night, and she blamed her entirely for allowing the fashionable ruffians to take the liberties they had; and for not sooner putting an end to their loose discourse, before she exposed her friends to an unpleasant business with them.

On all these accounts she deemed it right to give my lord a curtain lecture. Of these lectures her ladyship was a professor; and she performed what she professed. Indeed, in many things

she fancied herself a greater performer than her lord ; and she was perhaps right. She out-talked him for one thing ; and he was no bad hand at a long and well invented tale : he used often to praise himself for a fine imagination, which he informed his friends he had inherited from his mother ; whilst he used to speak with pity of his father, who was a mere plain simple, honest, matter of fact man. Her volubility of tongue, however, outdid him completely ; and the manly intonation of her voice—the strong and high note, often drowned his feeble and minor key ; and although she sometimes observed that he was all talk, she always had the last word.

Upon this occasion she was loud and eloquent to very little purpose; for my lord, who was always famous for backing his friends, turned his face to the wall, his *arriere garde* to her ladyship, a deaf ear to her discourse, and pretended to sleep. Happy the husband who can succeed in such a diversion to draw off matrimonial rebuke, and conjugal jar. My lady now upbraided her dearie for keeping such bad hours, which made him encroach so far upon the ensuing day, and rendered him fit for nothing. Still did the sly peer feign sleep, till my lady, out of patience at not being heard, arose in a mif, and dressed herself in a passion, called her waiting maid a stupid ass, who was not fit to dress a doll,

much less a countess, (although they often resemble each other) and then hastily brushed down stairs in all the majesty of ill humour.‡

My lord now peeped out of bed to see if all was safe; listened awhile with his nightcap in his hand to hear if the storm had abated; and after attentively listening again and again, he caught the distant sounds dying on his ear of his beloved wife's tongue, now employed in scolding the foot-boy. He ejaculated a thanksgiving that she had changed her object of attack; and then slipping softly out of bed, and escaping unperceived, after a very hasty toilet, he went to breakfast with an artist. His next business was to find out the

presumptuous strangers, since no written apology had arrived. He found them at their lodgings ; but no fight ensued, for reasons which will be assigned hereafter, but which are no ways detrimental to the peer's honor, bravery, or spirit. Lord Stone also escaped powder and ball on this occasion, having received the following note from the culprits in question.

“ Messieurs — and — present their compliments to Lord Stone, and beg leave to assure him that no personal incivility was intended to his lordship. They regret having drank a little too freely last night ; and they still more regret the cause of the misunderstanding. They have fully satisfied Lord

Urbane; and refer Lord Stone to him for further particulars, as they are obliged to leave town for London this day. Their address in town is Fladong's Hotel, Oxford Street."

This was quite satisfactory to his lordship, as he had no particular taste for fighting, although he showed no dishonorable backwardness to meeting danger. He was to beau the Honorable Miss S. to St. Cecilia's Hall that night; and he resolved upon ascertaining whether her heart was his or not. He found her triste, fluttered, not herself. She had had a dispute that morning with Lady Urbane: she said that she was the most unkind creature in the world; that she had given up all

thoughts of either residing in her house, or of going to the Abbey ; and that she should leave Edinburgh the very next day : she declined also going to St. Cecilia's Hall, to a concert.

On this head, however, she was overpersuaded by Lord Stone, to accompany him only for one hour, and on condition that he should not speak either to my lord or my lady, and not leave her a moment. This delighted him ; and he judged this as a very favorable opportunity to make his proposal of marriage in form, which she was as eager to receive as he was to make, for she had brought him to an engagement by saying, “ After to-night we shall perhaps never more meet again.” This

never more did the business : it was the *coup de grace*, and produced an arrangement that the happy couple should fly by-break of day to Gretna Green, as Miss S——'s uncle wanted to marry her to a man of rank, who was immensely rich, but old and disagreeable. This preference to the peer was enchanting.

He accompanied her to the concert. Lord Urbane and his lady were not there, at which she rejoiced. She sat down in the most retired corner of the room. "I will not, my dear Stone," said she, "see or be seen : I will speak to no one, walk with no one, receive no compliments from any quarter." "Adorable !" cried he.

All the eyes in the room were on the happy couple. How flattered was Lord Stone! At length a letter was put into her hand, which she read with infinite agitation; and turning to Lord S. "One of my relations is extremely ill. I fear they will hinder my marriage." "Not for worlds, I hope," cried the inflamed Stone. "Then now or never," said she: "there is no time to be lost: this night, if you love me." My lord swore in due form, and off they set, first to his lordship's lodgings, and then in a chaise and four for Gretna Green. And whilst they are on the road, it will be a very proper time to return to the amours and difficulties of the Honorable Frederic Wild-

bore ; and first a word about Mrs. Mc. Stoory.

This good lady had never been married ; but when age, rubicund complexion, grey hair, wrinkles, and corpulency, had come upon her, she tacked the mistress to her name ; having given up all hopes of either changing it or her condition. Of her name, however, she was no way ashamed : it was extremely ancient ; and there is very little doubt that some of the Mc. Stoory clan were inhabitants of the Ark, as it was certainly an antediluvian family. Her father was a noble, a brave officer, proud and poor. He had died young, and had left a numerous progeny. The boys

sought their fortunes in the East and West Indies, whilst the girls were in the millinery, mantua-making, or child-bed warehouse line, two of them hangers on rich relations, two of them governesses, and one an old gentleman's mistress.

Mrs. Christy (formerly Miss Christy) had made a faux pas, as it was thought : she had travelled south for some time ; but when her brothers acquired property, they set her up in a house well furnished, which is a common plan in Scotland ; and, allowing her a trifling annuity, she depended mostly on letting her lodgings, and on educating the dingy progeny of Scottish adventurers. Her brothers and friends used to import

a copper-colored and black race, to be boarded and educated ; but when Mrs. Mc. Stoory's brother got stricken in years, and his friends were less prolific, the piebald appearance of the family decreased, and Mrs. Christy determined on taking " children of a larger growth," and of keeping a lodging and boarding-house for the students of the university. As she was of a very amorous disposition, it struck her that her full-grown children would be more interesting and more worthy of her love than the more infantine black-amoores and tawnies who used to occupy her attention. However, no one, except Mr. Frederic Wildbore, ever gave love for love, and even he was suspected of giving love for money.

Mrs. Mc. Stoory had a deal of family pride. She sported the family tree, strongly engraved, and growing out of the stomach of a stout Highlander, who is represented as laying down, as the basis of family consequence. She had moreover a family arms framed and glazed, with supporters and crest, being two cats and a kitten, which were mistaken by the unheraldic English for family likenesses. She had moreover a family Bible, covered with crimson velvet, and with silver clasps, a large silver tea-pot, family napery (table linen), some old pictures, a damask sack, belonging to a great grandmother, who was a titled lady, and a family flask, which had been out with the un-

fortunate Prince Charles Edward in the civil war.

The Bible and bottle were the particular objects of her devotion: she had the one by rote, and the other by heart, whilst the love of her neighbour, of drinking, and of praying, called forth all her hazy sensibilities, and melted her to tears. Excellent Mrs. Mc.Stoory, what a *tinder*-hearted lady thou art! She had a sister (one of the governesses) who used to visit her daily, and who, after her morning avocations, assisted in doing the honors of the table. Miss Eliza was her designation: she too loved the youth of the opposite sex; she also was a great bibleist, and used

to go to a methodist chapel. Out of this mansion poured the old caddies, chairmen, antiquated midwives, superannuated prostitutes, and the more elderly tenants of Shakespeare-square ; but *verbum sat* : it is not a history of chapels, but of men and of manners, which is to occupy these pages.

Miss Eliza liked the society of the students, it was so instructive : she very much wished to be taught ; but the students did not feel inclined to be teachers. She however picked up hard names and technical terms ; but she made sad mistakes, which were very ludicrous sometimes.

Frederic the Great continued to fill

the chair at Mrs. Mc. Stoory's with becoming consequence, and still courted Miss Eccentric; but the cruel tailor soon cut off his prospects, his pleasures, and his amusements. This diabolical bill was long in appearance, long in articles, and of long standing; and Mr. Northerland was of a morose, surly, self-interested disposition. He was determined to clip the wings of love, to circumscribe his wanderings, to narrow the limits of his adventures, to confine his ambitious prospects, and to attach the body where the mind was not of the party—brutal, unfeeling man!

The tailor issued out a writ against Frederic the Great, entitled a medita-

tionē fugæ, which would have stopped all his love proceedings ; but luckily he got notice of it ; and if “ *necessitas non habet leges*,” Frederic proved to them that necessity has legs, for he legged off ; first taking leave of his dearie, and vowing everlasting love. Some say that he borrowed a part of the marriage portion ; but this is not fully established. He, at all events, obtained from love and friendship enough to provide for his retreat, and he made as masterly a one as his namesake, Frederic of Prussia, ever effected in the face of the enemy ; paying his creditors scot and lot with a fine letter of adieu, and with assurances of a speedy return. The separation of the lovers was most affecting and affected. “ Some natural

tears they shed." The parting was particularly moving to Frederic; and he removed his body accordingly.

To levy contributions, and to retreat in good order, bespeak a consummate general. Frederic did both; and took off a smart wardrobe, a pointer, and a well-dressed groom, in a chaise with him, leaving in a violent fever Mr. Northerland; who, to vent his spleen and disappointment, advertised him in the papers, and set off full speed to follow him through the world. But pray what did the Honorable Frederic do so dishonorable? Did he take away with him any thing? No: he left the most valuable birthright of man behind him——his character, which he never

afterwards regained ; and, from this moment, fortune never smiled on him again. The sequel of his history will be given in the next chapter ; but his *plus beaux jours* were past.

CHAPTER VII.

The Conclusion of Young Wildbore's Story.

--A sad Fall.--His after Vicissitudes.--

More about Miss S.--Her getting off.--


**The Explanation given by the Strangers
respecting their irregular Conduct at
Lord Ossian's Ball.--The Consternation**

**of the Peer Urbane.--Last Interview be-
twixt Miss S. and his Countess.--Mild**

**Conduct of Lord Ossian.--The Family
Jars at the House of Urbane.--General
Consternation in Edinburgh.**

CHAPTER VII.

“ All the world's a stage, and men are players.”



FREDERIC had strutted his little hour upon the Edinburgh stage; he had been “ dressed in a little brief authority;” he was not a lad to be a prompter or a candle-snuffer, a mute, or an attendant, although he became a scene-shifter; but until that moment he had played one of the first parts in the fashionable farce—the son of a peer, a young man of fortune, a scholar, a prime fellow: but now that the spark was extinguished, darkness and clouds followed it: he was smoked, he

was discovered not to merit the title of honorable in any shape, to be the son of a plain country surgeon, to be deeply in debt, and to have no very bright prospects before him. All now joined in the general abuse ; and he was condemned and despised even by those who had courted his society, and had imitated his follies, who had feasted at his board, and had shared the riot of his intemperate nocturnal revels. Mrs. Mc. Stoory sincerely regretted him ; and Ephy missed him amazingly. Many tradesmen missed him also ; and Miss Eccentric was a miss at the last writing.

His future life was marked with less *éclat*, and with far more vicissitudes than whilst in the Scottish capital.

Never since that has he played either the leading character or first fiddle; his accompaniments have been of a very inferior kind; and he has never dared to assume any title beyond esquire. M. D. even, now so cheap and common, has not fallen to his lot; for the exposure at Edinburgh was too public and too fatal to be got over.

The next place where he was heard of was in the Fleet prison, where he boasted, and truly too, of living on the smiles of the fair; or, in plain language, where an unfortunate Cyprian used to visit and console him, and to divide with him the price of her dishonor, the wages of infamy, the wretched earnings of many a cold night, a forced

smile with tearful eye, a hacknied endearment, and a revolting complaisance. This produce, if laid up, might have purchased necessities at a future hour of dire distress, but was thus lavished to add intoxication to want of principle, and to pamper the corruption arising out of intemperance, confinement, and shaken constitution.

Relieved from durance vile, he was billeted for a while on the generosity of a male friend ; and he knows if he made a grateful return or not. Lastly, he was heard of at the foot of the military medical department ; and he is now forgotten by every one but by his suffering creditors.

So fell the soi-disant Honorable Frederic Wildbore; and our reader may be prepared for another fall as surprising as low. Thus it not unfrequently occurs, that the wretched frail female is cast from the pinnacle of triumphant vice to the cold straw bed of wretchedness, to the foul, damp, dreary, and unwholesome walls of a prison, of an hospital, or a workhouse; or that the inept prodigal, or the thoughtless but unprincipled gamester, is seen one day in the triumphant car of fashion, and on another conducted on a cart to execution, or dragged by the myrmidons of the law to a fortress or to a penitentiary, as in the instance which has so lately occurred in Paris of the fallen and infamous W——.

The Honorable Miss S. was now on her road to the temple of Hymen; but she, like a great gun, did not go off without a great report, without a violent explosion. The match might suit her purposes; but she raised a devil of a flame in Edinburgh by her departure.

The reader may have remarked that there was something mysterious and unsatisfactory in the conduct of the London bucks towards Lord Stone; but full apology and explanation were afforded by them to Lord Urbane—an apology which was fatal to the character of the lady in question. Lord Urbane was left to communicate the fact to Lord Stone; but from having first consulted with my lady, who again had

borrowed the pantaloons, he came too late; and my lord was actually off with his intended. Lady Urbane, nothing charitable to her own sex, was for impaling the culprit alive; but my lord endeavoured to soothe her into dignified moderation; observing, that let her be ever so bad, still she was—a woman! This was no recommendation to the enraged countess. For,

“ Every woe a tear can claim,

“ Except an erring sister’s shame.”

Unfortunately, the once idolized Miss S. called on Lady Urbane at this juncture, and received a broadside from her ladyship^s. Being a vessel of immense weight of metal and calibre, she would have sunk any thing else which had

sustained the shock of her attack ; but Miss S. after volleys of abuse from the thunder of her ladyship's well-served tongue, coolly drew up, and said, " So then I'm blown ! "

This so exasperated the highness (not serene highness) of the house of Urbane, that she probably might have attacked Miss S.'s rigging, and have endeavoured to cut off her retreat by crippling and disabling her ; but Lord Urbane, who felt the dignity of his sex, and had, moreover, now the dignity of both sexes to support, interposed, begged a truce to violence, and requested Miss S. not only to leave his house, but advised her to quit Edinburgh to avoid a prison, and worse

than a prison, the most exemplary exposure and condign punishment which ever awaited a guilty female.

She obeyed ; but considered, that as it was now five P. M. she might venture to look in at the concert, and bring Lord Stone to a final determination on the subject ; which, if favourable, would enable her to start in good style the following morning ; conceiving that although Lord Urbane was in possession of her secret, he would give her a day's law to escape ; and that he himself would be so hurt at being imposed upon at his want of penetration, and at his misplaced admiration, that he would not be in a violent hurry to publish her shame. In this calculation she forgot

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Lady Urbane, who ate no dinner on the occasion, and who ordered her carriage, purposely to spread the mischief, to meet her in every corner of the town, with the burning shame of being convicted; to consult if there was not a mild law to hang her, or at all events to send her to Botany Bay; to blow up her credit, to undermine her passage towards a retreat, to undeceive every one, and, what was not the least relief to injured pride, to prove that others had been as much imposed upon, and as grossly deceived, as her sapient and discriminating ladyship.

Luckily for Miss S—, the hour which Lady Urbane chose trenched upon the happy moments of repletion succeeding a good dinner, and therefore

her opulent friends would not be intruded upon, and her economical intimates, whose brief and scanty repast was greatly limited, in order to support a foot-boy, to give card parties, and to maintain some poor relation, were too political to let the brace of eggs, or solitary red-herring, with toast and water, be exposed to the Countess of Urbane's prying eye, or furnish exercise for her ladyship's well-hung tongue at a future period, when the story of Miss S— might be blown over. In consequence "no body at home;" and out of sixteen dowager ladies, twelve baronets' widows, five extinct titled ladies, and as many of the dormant peerage, not one was found to listen to Lady Urbane's exposè respecting

Miss S——; for which reason she returned disappointed, snubbed my lord, and laid down on her bed with the head-ache. Worthy woman! what head-aches were spared to her friends by the ill-chosen hour of her visit, and by their ignorance of the long story which was to have accompanied her visitation.

Lord Urbane paced about in silent cogitation, though no way addicted to taciturnity. But then consider what an affront had been offered to Apollo! how had the nine muses been insulted! what a Minerva had he drawn out of the brain of Jupiter! and how few of her attributes had come out of his own! What would the peer's daughters say to being thus peered? what a degrada-

tion to the noblesse Ecossaise ! Then, again, how Lady Georgina ——— must have been imposed upon to have sent a letter of introduction by this impostress ! This was not his fault. But that mitigation of his sufferings lasted but a short time ; for on the next day the letter was denied—no such a one had ever been written ! What again would the rejected gentlemen's daughters say ? and the lord provost, whose duty it is to preside over morality, and who, when he was making such mistakes as to the heathen divinities, and calling the pantheon the pandemonium, was not so far out in his reckoning as the classical peer himself.

All this was dreadful ; but what was

the worst, was the form of the apologetical explanation given by the two bucks who had been marked out for the chivalrous attacks of Lords Urbane and Stone. The substance of their apology and explanation was, that having met that lady in houses of ill fame in London, their surprise overpowered them, and that they could not help laughing immoderately at the hoax, and quizzing her a little ; but that certainly if they had not drank a little freely they would have passed her by unnoticed, and have warned Lord Ossian (in whose house they met her) of the imposture.

The words hoax and quizzing vibrated long on Lord Urbane's ear : it was a

tender and jarring chord ; and it was too frequently touched afterwards. He did not need any additional dissonance or discord at home further to trench on domestic harmony ; but this string out of tune unstrung him completely, and the countess played upon him without mercy.

That was not all : his credulity met him at every corner of the street. “ I say, my lord, what is become of your honorable friend, your arm companion, now ? ” “ Lord Urbane, is Pallas lodged in a garret or a cellar, a stew or Bridewell, now ? ” “ When shall we see Wisdom and the Nine Muses, my lord ? ” “ Apropos, how came you to bring a Cyprian into your house, under

her ladyship's very nose?" "My dear lord, is it possible that you could have planned this diabolical hoax?" "Where are Venus and Minerva, in one and the same person?" "Oh! fie, my lord, it was too bad of you to be deceived by such an immoral wretch!" These, and reproaches ten times more galling and unqualified, were the benevolent and well-meaning peer's portion for a considerable time after the exposè.

On the day of the eruption, for it was quite a volcanic affair, he remained quietly at home; but Lord Ossian had also gone to call the two young men to account for their conduct. What was his surprise at the disclosure also! What a state was his catholic lordship put

into ! What a pretty companion for his innocent daughter ! What a dignified guest had he received in his house ! What could he do ? why he very wisely addressed a letter to Miss S. which was put into her hand at St. Cecilia's Hall, and ran as follows.

Madam,

You have committed a most immoral and a most shameful act, by imposing on the public as you have done, and by introducing yourself by the means of forged letters (I presume) into virtuous and polished society. Your whole history is known ; your debts will all come against you to-morrow ; and besides them, a warrant of a more serious nature will be issued

against you early in the morning: fly, therefore, and amend your life.

(Signed) OSSIAN.

The lady was not long in taking the hint. It will be remembered what line of conduct she pursued ; and it will now be seen for what reason the eyes of all the room were on Miss S. and Lord Stone ; for although the public was not, at that time, informed of the whole truth, a rumour had gone abroad that Miss S. could not be a virtuous woman, to have been so treated by the strangers at Lord Ossian's ; and that there having been no duel, nor no apology published the next day, confirmed their suspicions. Furthermore, Lord Urbane's trusty, faithful, and discreet

servants, had trumpeted it about, that there was a devil of a blow-up between the countess and Miss S., that she was forbidden their house, that my lady had abused her like a pickpocket, and had called her every thing—but a lady ; that she had taken it very coolly, and that my lord must be no better than he ought to be for encouraging her.

This was quite enough : some spread the report that she had run away with Lord Urbane, and others that she had seduced Lord Ossian ; some that she had married the Duke of Anacreon, and some, that she had fought a duel with the countess : some swore that she had picked pockets, and others alleged that she had only stolen hearts : some were

so bold as to assert that she and Lord Stone were swindlers, and that they had (on that account) ran off together : some alleged that she was the keeper of a tavern in disguise ; and some sunk her a story lower, and pretended to have known her in the shades below, where the Edinburgh Paphos, more like to Erebus, exists ; and where a descendant of Nell Gwynn's keeps her court, and is surrounded by her maids of honor.

A thousand romantic stories were invented against her ; but no one as yet knew her pedigree ; and she was considered by many as a dame of high degree, but whose vices had led her to fly from her home and family. They were

all wrong ; but they will all be set right hereafter.

In the interim it is easier to conceive than to paint the consternation of the elderly single ladies, who felt themselves contaminated by having come in contact with this impure ; of the young tits growing into notice, and who had got Miss S. “ to teach the young idea how to shoot ;” who had imitated her dresses, aped her airs, asked her advice, lolled upon her arm, praised her good taste and good sense, and been copyists of all her actions ; of the bible society mammas, who, now too late, saw the “ vanity and vexation of spirit” which exists in routs and balls, and evening parties, et cetera, and who

reflected on their having made her the friend and companion of their daughters and nieces ; on their having associated in public with a frail one, and of their having perhaps demoralized the rising hopes of their families. These grave quoters of scripture hesitated not at calling her a painted Jcsabel, and the —— (lady) of Babylon ; for these charitable dames are excessive in every thing, in religion, in economy, and in scandal.

Finally, we cannot express the rage of the envious dames who had lost partners and attentions, dress and time, from the eclipse of this fallen star—of this angel of darkness : and there were not wanting grave ministers, and ex-

post facto sages, both in law and physic, who *telt* their frinds, that they saw the coonterfit in a moment ; a painted-up, dressed-out, artificial thing : they were not to be duped one moment by sic play-acting : they dared to say that she was some body frae off the London stage, and that they aye regretted seeing my lady so imposed upon, and the young ladies sae giddy in forming (exceedingly long accented) friendships.

Yes : but the right sage and prudent grey-beards never said a word in time, and all the shrewd guessing came after the riddle was explained. In such confusion did this bold female adventurer throw the guid toon o'Emboro' by her

appearance, and by her more speedy disappearance ! Young ladies were chid for their want of caution in being too intimate with her, and whole families were convulsed by divisions on her account; but that was not the worst, as will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER VIII.

St. Cecilia's Hall.—A Concert.—The Musical People of Edinburgh.—The Company.—Characters.—The great Discomfiture of the Edinburgh Attornies, Tradesmen, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Untwisting all the chords that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

MILTON.



BEFORE bailiffs, attornies, constables, and their concurrents, appear upon the stage, and before all becomes discord and strife, let us return to St. Cecilia's Hall, and take a view of the company there, independent of the professional people, of the merry-facing Italian, leading the band, and sitting at the harpsichord, of his fat wife, standing near him, and putting one in mind of Jonas and the whale—only that the caro

sposo is not so constant as Jonas, and runs after every servant girl; of his languishing affected niece, with her dejected eyes, hung-down head, and infantine air; of the late reprobate Stabilini; of some second-rate singer from London; and of a moderately good orchestra; of young Bené (the natural son of a certain stiff, forbidding man, who stows a nest of illegitimates in a kind of preserve at the foot of the Canon-gate) looking over the orchestra with spectacles on nose.

It will suffice to say that the concert is indifferent, although the Italian conductor takes every pains possible: but the encouragement is not sufficient; the nobility are few in number; the

gentry are so parsimonious, and have such bad taste for music, that they do not encourage real vocal or instrumental talent. A reel and a Scotch song suffice for them ; and “ The last time I came o’er the muir,” sung, or “ O’er the muir amang the hether,” played with variations, or even “ Maggie Lauderdale,” from the fiddle of Mr. Gow, please them more than a superb piece of music from the brain of a Haydn or Mozart, or “ Son Regina, son Guerriera,” sung by Catalani.

The list of the company is as follows.

THE MISSES PERRIWINKLE.

No rout, no public place, no public walk, no tea-shine, and no gossiping party, can possibly go on without these sister old maids. Their occupation is to be the shadows of titled ladies, the fawners and flatterers of the great, the collectors of the morning and of the evening reports, the receivers of stolen reputation, and the passers off of the merry tale of scandal, so cheering to an old maid, or to a disappointed dowager's heart.

To see them shuffle and sidle in a ball-room, or at an *at home*, in order

to fill up the back-ground of a quality picture, is truly ridiculous : to behold them gallop their corns after the admirable active old duchess is amusing to a degree : to mark the assiduity of their attendance at all public places is pitiable.

Their father was a law-lord, who, dying suddenly, left them in indigence ; but their brothers, by their industry, advanced themselves high in their professions, and in course of time provided for them. It is the invariable practice of the brothers of fallen families in Scotland to migrate to the East and West Indies, and, by their industry and perseverance, to raise up a reduced house, and nobly and praise-

worthily to provide for their poor relatives, and so to re-establish the credit and respectability of their name. There are not, indeed, in any part of the habitable globe, better or more exemplary children and brothers than the Scotch, particularly in the point in question.

A trait of the industry of a Scot, and the magnanimity of the late Duke of Buccleuch, in a matter of this kind, deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Mr. ———'s family was reduced to poverty; his fortune was gone: he sold his estate, and went to India. There, after the lapse of many years, he acquired an ample fortune, and returned home. The duke, who

had purchased his old family estate, immediately waited on him, and, kindly considering how his heart might hanker after the land of his forefathers, offered it him back again, though highly improved, at the reduced price which he bought it at so many years previous. It was gratefully accepted by this gentleman; and the anecdote can never be forgotten by his family, or by any who value honor and nobility of conduct, so rare in these self-interested times.

But, to return to the Misses Perriwinkle. These stiff spinsters, starched and dressed out, float about with a constrained and forbidding air, with an uncheerful studied smile, or rather grin, in all the haunts of fashion, still endeavour-

ing to look young, still lingering in the gay scenes which their presence alone would suffice to sadden and chill. Far better would it be for these declining damsels, for these iron-grey belles, to study their Bible at home, and in the retreat of their closets to prepare for other scenes more useful and important than the world of folly and of triviality in which they now move—clinging to the trains of stately titled dowagers, or stuck in the rear of people of high distinction, and furnishing the shade for these dazzling lights. Oh ! fie, Miss Peggy ! Oh ! fie, Miss Anny !

THOMAS BLACKFORD, ESQ.

Mr. Blackford is one of our literary characters. He is a scholar, a musician, and a great apiarian ; but what is better than all this, he is an excellent-hearted man. He has two brothers, the one the laird (as they call it in Scotland), and the other a general officer : they are both rich ; the former by means of paternal estates, the latter from marrying a very rich woman. Mr. Thomas Blackford is, however, far from rich ; and to increase his income, acts as steward or factor to his two brothers.

Mr. Blackford has made very important discoveries in the natural history of bees, and carries his hives about with him every where, particularly to the highlands, where he goes to shoot every year. The amusement of breeding bees, and the sweets arising from the honey which they produce, are not however the only breeding concerns of his retirement, nor the unique sweets which the country affords him in his tranquil and leisure hours. This gentleman proves his good breeding in every way ; and is not only a polished and popular man, but a patriot, who, although he pass for a célibataire, has furnished many living instances of his exertions for the population of the country, and of his anxiety that the

scourge of war might not too greatly unpeople the good kingdom of Scotland.

The harmony proceeding from his musical talents only enlivens the domestic harmony which reigns within his walls : and whilst on the subject of music, it must be observed that he is in possession of instruments of very great value, and that he is one of very few supporters of good and scientific music, and of foreign as well as national melody : for this last, as well as national dancing, is generally known, well executed, and generally encouraged ; whilst Haydn and Mozart, Paisiello, Clementi, et cetera, et cetera, are neglected ; and the stupendous musical abilities coming from Italy, and from Ger-

many, are not only passed by, but discouraged, and deemed unpatriotic to patronize.

Not such are the sentiments of this gentleman, who adds to the acquirements already enumerated other very extensive attainments; and, in short, every acquirement becoming a scholar, and of a perfect gentleman.

MR. O'DASH

Is an Irishman, and studies medicine only in order to please his relations at home—county Galway to wit. This is the most innocent way of doing certainly: and if he practise only on him-

self, he will still be a more useful member of society. He is, however, particularly fearful of graduating, and much despairs of ever being dubbed a M. D.; although he fees, and double fees, and buys books by the cart load, which he never reads, but lays open on his dressing table, “*ad captandum vulgus*,” and has a grinder at his elbow morning, noon, and night. But then Paddy good naturedly asserts that when the grinder knocks a nail of medical knowledge into his head, he is thinking of his horses and of his dogs, and of what a dash he will cut when his uncle slips his wind; and that immediately blunts the point, and it falls out again. Then, when he gets his medical lesson, he is so pleased, that

he and the grinder get drunk, and by the next morning all is forgotten again.

Moreover, his bulls are innumerable. He invites professors and grave characters to dine with him, which he alleges is a capital way to digest knowledge ; and in the flow of soul he lets out all his rows and tricks : he swears, breaks glasses, and sings hunting songs to the grey-beards and big-wigs, who go away early, and disgusted at his want of discretion. He goes in at the tail of a lecture and falls asleep, or goes out in the middle of it in a hunting dress, for fear of being too late for a gallop with the East Lothian hunt ; he mistakes modest ladies for impures, and impures for modest ladies ; and by all these

blunders gets into various and most expensive scrapes. He talks of contracting for an annual fine with the police office, as he is almost a daily visitor to the guard-house; and he swears that he will fit up a library and a bed-chamber in the prison, and get himself shopped, as the only way of confining himself to any one pursuit or study.

He has certainly more hibernian mercuriality about him than almost any of his countrymen; for in his conversation, in his pursuits, and in his pleasures, he is always flying off from one object to another: practice with him precedes theory; and system always arrives too late. From courting he

flies to medicine; and from medicine to the bottle; from it to experiment; and from experiment to the watch-house; from the watch-house to chapel; and from chapel to courting again. The fame of his immense expectations and landed property entailed on him is such, that he swears that the ladies won't let him alone; and, as to the dear creatures! they don't want to be let alone; so that he has as many rings as there are days in the month; as many breast-pins and miniatures as there are days in the year; as many locks of hair as would cover the chancellor's head with curls; gloves, shoes, smelling-bottles, and garters, without number; and these he often shows by mistake to his lecturers, or to the clergy

of his acquaintance ; whilst he reads the Bible and Milton's *Paradise Lost* to the most depraved cyprians in the city.

One day, going across the bridge, he beheld a carter beating his horse most unmercifully ; and such was Paddy's humanity and compassion, that he flew to the offender, and asked him, with tears in his eyes, and in the softest tone of sympathy, if the brute (meaning the man) had no philanthropy about him—if he had never learned to love his neighbour (meaning the horse) as himself ? On which, the man became very insolent ; and Pat, to shew the tenderness of his heart, and his exquisite feeling, beat the carter to a mummy ;

for which he was confined three days, and paid forty pounds. It struck him, whilst in confinement, and lazy in the midst of his friends, that it would be a hyper act of benevolence to purchase the horse from the man, by way of punishing the latter, and of rescuing the former from tyranny and oppression. He accordingly gave ten pounds for the beast, which cost the carter forty shillings; and has since been obliged to have him shot, in order to put him out of pain, from an inveterate farcy, which the “poor dumb animal, long life to him,” (to use his own expressions) laboured under.

His turn-out is a most curious emblem of himself: a light landau-barouche with

four bloods, himself and some wild dog of a countryman on the box, and his tame dog, called Doctor (doubtless out of respect to the University), as the only inside passenger, with two drunken Irish grooms behind, not unfrequently fast asleep. But Pat says that he cannot break his neck ; for he has insured his life to a money lender, and therefore all's right. He gets deeply in debt once a-year, and then writes a penitent letter to his uncle, who is, as he says, a most dutiful relative, and as regularly pays off all old scores, when Paddy begins again.

He informs his friends that this is the only way he has of keeping himself always in his uncle's remembrance ;

for he never writes but upon these occasions ; but he always names him thus — “ my jolly hard-going dear uncle, long life to him ;” and he has the last phrase so often in his mouth, that when his servant says, “ your honor, here’s a letter from uncle,” (as if the old gentleman was uncle to him also), it is “ long life to him.” “ I heard from uncle’s whipper-in, your honor, and the owld gentleman is as tough as a god.” — “ Long life to him.” “ I was tould that your uncle had got the gout.” — “ Long life to him.” And no doubt when Paddy is told your honor’s uncle is dead, it will be — “ Long life to him.”

BOB FIDDLE.

The lady-like faced, pig-eyed, unmeaning thing, which, stuck to his squat fat wife's side, or danced after the tail of her robe, is a youth whose *nom de guerre* (for he was once a militia captain, "and who's afraid of death?" as the song says) is Bobby Fiddle, sometimes called silly Bob, sometimes staggering Bob (partly from his love of drink, and partly from his resemblance in appearance and in weakness to a young calf), and sometimes Bob Minor, on account of his endeavouring in vain to get a majority in the militia, which would have entitled him to the name of Bob Major.

His father had a pretty fair landed estate, with a ridiculous and barbarous title, by which this branch of the family is distinguished from others of the name; but this property having a mortgage on it, yielded something under one thousand per annum; and, instead of being an old territorial endowment, or a clan estate, the whole consequence of the family came from lotions, potions, and motions, from pills and plaisters, from chemicals and galenicals, from lint, rags, boxes, bottles, bolusses, issues, and salves; for an old chymist's earnings were the corner stone of the consequential fabric, and that of no very ancient date.

Nevertheless, did Bob set himself up

for a man of importance and fashion, although he had no advantages of education, little of personal appearance, less of manners or politeness, least of all of accomplishments or abilities, none of real worth. He continued, however, aided and advised by his friend Captain Mc. Euphony, whose extravagance, gallantry, dissipation, and Bacchanalian talents, are better known than trusted in Edinburgh, to get deeply into debt; and he learned, probably from the bold captain, to write the most elegant puts off and the most elaborate epistles to his creditors imaginable. Often was he hunted down by Archie Mantrap; often out of the way, put to every shift, and subject to a thousand difficulties; nor was there any

meanness below him in the way for raising the wind; and he would borrow money from every rank, from the private soldier's wife, gained over by blandishments and promises, and the waiter, who expected to have his fortune made when the young laird came to his estate, from the chairman money-lender Mc. Splashan, up to the respectable house-keeper of Shakespeare-square, the money-lending pastry cook at the corner, and as high as some gazetted usurer or regular-bred money-lender, or any friend who took a fancy to Bob's face, and much fairer promises.

By these means Bobby supported his self-created fashion, for he was unknown in the gay circles of London,

and only third or fourth fiddle, and very much played upon, in those of Edinburgh, until the equivocal commission of a certain exploit, which, at first, assumed a very serious aspect, but which ended in a compromise. Whether the fame of this, or the irksomeness of confinement, or a very uxorious turn, led the brown Lady Ann to fancy tippy Bob is uncertain; but after a short siege, and the blank shot of some love-letters, whether stolen from the Ready Writer, or the Complete Pocket Companion, or composed by his dashing friend Mc. Euphony, or selected from novels, and dove-tailed into a sheet of paper, is not known: after, however, the usual promises and protestations, she allowed herself to be run away with,

and put her insipid lover in possession of her weighty person and less weighty property; settling both Bob's and her own property upon herself.

Now Bobby has made a grand mistake by fancying himself Lady Ann, and conceiving Lady Ann to be Bobby Fiddle; in consequence of which he has turned completely effeminate, whilst she rules the roast. Her ladyship wears the inexpressibles, whilst he is attached to her petticoat; nay, he is so clear, that he has gained a title by the match, that he has put horned supporters to his arms, and has diffused the family blush of bashfulness over the habit of his domestic, which has turned from blue to blushing crimson itself — whether in remembrance of

*****, or not, he best knows.

From loose, drunken, and extravagant, he is become hypocritical, abstemious, and a miser ; but his family inheritance of meanness he has preserved in virgin purity, being at all times ready to cavil for sixpence, to forget instead of return to an obligation, to shut himself up in retirement for fear of expense, to avoid his old acquaintance for fear of exposure, to dismiss from his remembrance any debt which slips the mind of the claimant, to pay as little as possible for all things, and to violate the solemn promises made in former moments of extravagance, festivity, and intoxication.

This worthy's papa had a most grotesque appearance. His dress and address bespoke a half miser and a half fool ; but his old clothes-man like dress was still better than his address. Notwithstanding, however, he had just *yes* enough to look after the siller. An old tub, like a watch-box, by way of a post-chaise, with carrion horses, and an old cyclops of a postillion, constituted the family turn-out, before Bobby married and set up for himself. It is strange that the old Gripefast had not an eye to his postillion as well as to every other domestic concern. The said cyclops was groom, footman, slut, butler, and gardener, at the same time.

SIR JOHN BLUE AND BUFF,
OF AFFORD-ILL.

This baronet, whose estate's name so well paints his situation, is the martyr of politics, and the victim of electioneering, full of family pride, eat up by usurers, wild in all his speculations and opinions, and a dupe to the party and to treacherous friends, making one of many more who have encumbered the finest estates, and perverted the best talents, which might have commanded weight and respectability during their lives.

The messengers at arms, and Archy's myrmidons, made a fine prize of the

noble baronet, and succeeded in caging him in the hotel which has for sign “*Sic itur ad astra*,” namely, the Cannon-gate jail ; but the motto of which is a misnomer, for it is not the way to get a man above the world. The baronet got extricated with difficulty ; but the injury done his property is irrecoverable.

Yet he is an elegant scholar, a travelled man, whose very elegant taste has been acquired abroad, and perfected and refined particularly in Italy. His manners are engaging, and his connections most noble, with a superb property, magnificent habitation, lofty ideas, much talent, and every endowment, but common, homespun, worldly

sense. His daughter is one of the best lady musical performers in Europe; and he ought to be one of the most independent of men, but for ambition, for pursuing what he is ignorant of, and, above all, but for the party.

MR. HONEYSUCKLE, M. P.

This youngster, of whom it may be said, that

“ So flat is his nose, and so large is his face,
“ It might fairly be taken for some other place,”

is the *spes gregis* of a law-lord, the representative of the region of geese; and

“ The young man’s head’s so like a gander’s
“ pole,
“ That it looks much like that which saved the
“ capitol.”

However useful the cackling of geese might be on that occasion, the state will never be saved by the same means now o’days. Moreover, this is a silent goose, one of the yea and nay members of our august senate ; one of the minister’s automatons. His papa changed sides in politics, or ratted (to use the fashionable term), or turned his coat, if that term suit better, and fit the temper of the times. He has extremely small eyes ; they are *sui generis*, and might make one suppose, that instead of being descended from a simple law-lord, he derived his ori-

gin from the great Bacon. This visual defect is only a proof that his lights are small, and that his father, whose pupil in politics he doubtless is, could not give him greater, nor enlarge his views further than to follow his nose (no great thing neither), and to see his way through the lobby of the house.

It was observed, after the union with Scotland, that the Scotch members were stricken dumb, and that whenever they opened their mouths they were laughed at, either from their broad dialect, or from their narrow views in politics. It is true, that the northern members have improved; and it cannot be objected to the late Lord Melville, then called by his countrymen *Hairy Dundas*, that he

war tongue-tied. Many, however, of his countrymen are yet of the *ancienne fabrique*, and no one more so than young Honeysuckle, who *à cela près* is a very good kind of young man.

YOUNG CERVUS.

This buck first dashed about Edinburgh as a single animal, handsome, good-humoured, and a hard liver. He was much esteemed among the beaux, and courted by the belles, who in this city are very fond of a fresh complexion, and very often give another complexion to affairs ere the youth leave the guid toon. Subsequent to his first visit, he

formed an alliance with a very beautiful and amiable young lady, the daughter of a northern baronet of large fortune, but of equally large incumbrances.

Nothing could be more felicitous than the young and very handsome blooming couple. “Haply awhile in paradise they lay.” But the faithless buck, whilst he crowned her wishes, and enjoyed with her the horn of plenty, crowned her brows with plenty of horn; and being himself a buck of the first head, transferred his antlers to his faithful doe. This, accompanied by loss of health (perhaps from fretting), induced the lovely bride to separate from her lord and master, to couch

under the protecting wing of the best of fathers, and to follow his fortunes, journeying to Scotland.

The husband is now following in penitent guise ; and it is to be hoped that a reconciliation will take place ; but madam has imprudently told her secrets to *leddies* of her acquaintance, who keep nothing, so that the exposé has taken place. The married dames wish the false husband at the very devil, whilst others admire his spirit, and sincerely wish that “ His horn may be exalted.”

And now to return to Lord Urbane, and his moral reflections.

Malgré tant de jours accumulés sur ma tête, malgré une si longue expérience de la vie, je n'ai point encore rencontré d'homme qui n'eut été trompé dans ses rêves de félicité."

ATALA—DE CHATEAUBRIAND, p. 138.

Thus said Lord Urbane to himself, when counting up the numberless disappointments in persons and in things which had come under his observation. This last error in judgment was an additional and very strong proof of the truth of this observation. A female, gifted with attractions, with wit, with amenity, and an appearance of having seen good company, ingratiated herself with him, surprised his judgment, dazzled his penetrating eye, captivated

his understanding, misled his friendship, and not only abused his hospitality, but had made him the laughing-stock of the town ; and this in return for urbanity and benevolence shewn to a stranger.

Next to Lord Urbane came the Duke of Anacreon, whose love-scared heart had received a puncture from who?—from perhaps a nocturnal tramper ! No : his vanity would not allow him to think that : she must be well born. Then there was a whole company of dying swains, who had been vying with each other, in order to find favor with this imagined paragon of perfection. But the most seriously affected were the honest, pawkie, sonsey, kirk elders of shop-keepers, who had been

proud to serve a lady of her fashion and appearance, who now elongated their faces in proportion to the length of their bills, and who had silyly, but to no purpose, put on profitable additions to their accounts for fashion or credit's sake. How were they out in their reckonings! what weeping and gnashing of teeth! for they are very tender-hearted about the loss of money. They even went so far as to call the Honorable Miss Stanhope a wicked limmer—a term which implies, to the best of our judgment, a limb of the devil: if it be worse, the worthy shop-keepers must interpret it their own way.

Mr. Waddle had sold his whip-syllabubs, and ices, for nothing; hosiery

and haberdashery had left the twa brigs, (bridges) for naething; the milliners had been lying and boasting about their elegant customer, and had pricked their fingers to the bone, which must have hurt them to the very quick, and had bleared out a' their een, i. e. almost blinded themselves, in order to finish *robes à la turc*, *coëfs à la Caroline*, fancy dresses and *falbelas*, without any remuneration for those hours, which, but for interest, would have been given to love, to admiration, and to some small gains besides.

Great, great indeed was the dismay of the trades of the toon! the shoemaker was left at last; the habit-maker looked like a goose; the perfumer was in a sweet pickle; her servant was sent on a fool's

errand, and she was off before his return; the apothecary where she lodged was quite decomposed like his drugs, and there was as much in his profits as in his cures; even the very chairmen had a load off their hands, but a very heavy weight on their minds, on account of her non-payment, and they had travelled from pole to pole without honor or profit.

It was a gloomy day, the day of her departure; but now rage succeeded to dismay, and revenge usurped the place of stupefaction. Now was Allan Grant the messenger (for it is well to explain that a bum-bailif in Edinburgh is dignified into a king's messenger, or rather into a messenger at arms) sent after

her ; and, by the way, as good a couplet could be made on mild-looking, but sly Allan, as Walter Scott has favoured Sir David Lindsay with ; for instance, if

“ And still his name has high account,

“ And still his muse has charms,

“ Sir David Lindsay of the mount,

“ Lord Lion king at arms.”

Why not—

And still his name hath high account,

And still brings dire alarms,

If Allan bold your staircase mount,

The messenger at arms.

Besides Allan, there was Archy Cameron, the arch bum trap, the great Anthopaphagus of Auld Reekie, and a dozen of concurrents, so called for running like faithful blood-hounds after the huntsman's tail, and from

concurring in any measure against the liberty of the subject ; for these fellows not only take liberties with you, but also take liberty from you. Now were the scribes and attornies despatching warrants, and fugeès, and hornings, and poundings, by all the black cattle which they could procure ; and a full chase of Miss S— followed in consequence. Mc. Splashan, the Proteus of a chairman, was despatched in all quarters as a spy, but all to no purpose : she was gone, sooth. However, sheriffs were applied to to back writs ; and no stone was left unturned to discover the fair fugitive.

But a word *en passant* about Donald Mc. Splashan. Donald is a chairman, a

spy, a volunteer, a buck, a miser, a door-keeper at the theatre, a procurer, a money-lender, and an emissary. At one time you will see this active citizen barrowing along the bottom of his grace the lord high commissioner to the high kirk of Scotland, and at another hour you will meet him jolting along the bottom of a graceless to the low kirk, or rather to the meeting-house in Shakespeare Square. In the morning he will carry a *billet doux*, or go on an amorous message for you: and in the evening will take your money at the box-door of the theatre. Now you will pass him with a musket on his shoulder, and a few minutes after with a man by the collar, as an assistant to the police. Donald will at one time lend a small

loan at high interest to a reprobate customer ; and at another will lecture him for immorality, and advise him to avoid the ladies—by whom Donald mostly lives !

Then he is not above any menial office, or servility, in the way of procuring all sorts of things ; yet he talks as high, when in the character of a dun, as if he was the head of a clan ; and he sports his half score of gold seals, and is as spruce at times as one of the baillics, or as the provost himself. Donald, moreover, keeps his lady ; but it is believed that it is on short commons ; for although he has saved a good deal of money, and placed it not only in the Bank, but upon the best

possible interest, he is a complete miser, and still lives upon the errors of the ladies and shentlemen, his customers, to whom he occasionally gives a sermon when returning from church, or when their pockets are not well lined!—then it is a real shame to gang on those ways. But it may be said of Donald, who has perhaps as good a right to shine in poetry, or in history, as Mr. Southey, the laureate's friend and guide,

“ John Roth,
By my troth.”

That he is, like the said John Roth, what the Scotch call “aw' thing to ya' body,” i. e. all things to all people; and with the same wit and spirit, and

as much truth as of John Roth, it may be said,

By my troth,
He's nae loth
To be any chield's guide,
A hoaxer,
A coaxer,
And an agent beside !
He met a physician,
A theologician,
And mark'd how they baith did proceed !
He kens merietrices,
And also the prices,
He's a very good pointer indeed !

It may appear odd to bring in Donald Mc. Splashan on the present occasion ; but there are characters in all classes of life, in high life as well as in low life, and the extremes are nearer

touching than the middling stations in life. Donald is known to every shentleman, as every shentleman is at some period of life in fortune's way. Fortune keeps an hotel; and he has been as convenient to the old black badger of Greekmore-house, as ever Donald was to a drunk (in the Edinburgh twang) not drunken officer, or to a young student flush in cash.

One word more, as an apology for introducing Donald Mc. Splash-an. There is a fashion in every thing in life in England; but, in Scotland, they carry it further. Donald is not only the fashionable chairman to the living, but at funerals you see him as black as a crow, and as melancholy

as a cast-off mistress. Here he officiates as a lance mute and lance mourner, a brevet rank servant, or a master of the ceremonies ; so that if a prodigal cannot live without Donald, he cannot die without him either. In like manner Doctor Gregory and other fashionables are sent for to a man in extremes, that he may die with a name ; and John Hay, the burial fashionable coachman, must drive him to the ground ; whilst Mr. Trotter, the fashionable undertaker, must be the last tradesman employed. In a word, a man must pass, in fashionable Edinburgh life, through the hands of Mr. Mc. Splashan, of Fortune, of the doctor, of Mr. Trotter (not Lord Melville's Trotter, but a slower and surer man), and of John Hay, the coach-

man, before he can be got rid of as a gentleman in the Caledonian capital ; and it is supposed by many that all these individuals conspire and combine to get a man through the world in style. Do they play into each other's hands in this melancholy game? *Nous n'en savons rien.*

But it is time to quit this digression, which leads a man into bad company, in a city, where, with a well-furnished house, and a modest appearance, Mrs. M——n or Mrs. T——h lures Mrs. O——r, now of the — — theatre, to her apartment, to meet a gentleman, and may bring one to scenes which ought not to exist in a town where religion is so much talked of, but is made so extensive a cloak for sin, and particularly

on a Sunday — the Sabbath, as the women servants call it with so much mock modesty and devotion—to their own pleasures.

The pandemonium of bailiffs, spies, runners, caddies, and blackguards, are now let loose, and are after the female impostor, Miss S.; and there is every chance of her being overtaken in the next volume.

END OF VOL. II.

